To Mrs Whitefoord & family
on their leaving Scotland for Canada

"Peace perfect peace, with loved ones far away
In Jesus' keeping, We are safe and they."

May His peace be thine, is the
prayer of the author.

Duncan McIntosh
Chief Steward
S/S "Sicilian"
River St Lawrence
22/7/07.

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VERSES

FROM MY

DIARY

BY

DUNCAN McINTOSH,

CHIEF STEWARD "ALLAN LINE,"

GLASGOW.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY D. W. M'INTYRE, WHITEINCH.

1907.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE

At the urgent request of many dear friends the verses contained in this little volume are given to the world—in all their simplicity and imperfections—they are now sent out with the sincerest wish that there may be found in these a source of comfort to all who may peruse them.

Most of the words came to me when I was tossed about on the angry billows,—out on the "Glorious Mirror, where the Almighty's Form glasses itself in the tempests in all time."

Thus the gentle reader will understand that the spirit in which they came, is the same that carry them out—"Till each finds a word for a wing, that to hearts, like the Dove of the deluge, a message of peace they may bring"—is the most fervent prayer of the Author.

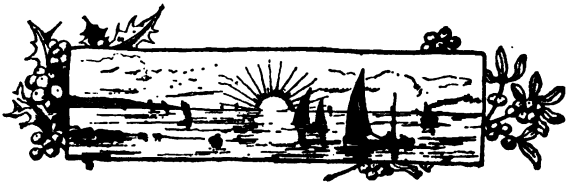
DUNCAN M'INTOSH,
Chief Steward, "Allan" Line.

25 Park Drive South,
Whiteinch, Glasgow,
Scotland.

DEDICATION.

THIS Book I dedicate to the loving memory of my dear Father and Mother, whose kindly, generous, and pious lives have always been an inspiration to me, for which I shall owe them everlasting gratitude.

THE AUTHOR.



Our Faith.

"Increase our Faith."—Luke xvii., 5.

Increase our faith in Thee, dear Lord,
  Our love, let it grow stronger still,
Until our souls leave this cold world,
  From whence Thou'll call us at Thy will.

To love Thee, is to love our friends,
  Shipmates, and neighbours, all Thou sends;
Where'er we be, on land or sea?
  Our love should be t'wards all, through Thee.

A few short years, if faith be strong?
  We'll know Thy plans were right, none wrong.
Till then dear Lord, we'll sing our song
  Of praise to Thee, with mortal tongue.

For when Thou'll call us home at last,
  All mortal songs shall be outcast
We'll take our golden harp and sing
  A new song to Thy praise our King.

Increase our faith in Thee, dear Lord,
  And help us show by deed, and word,
That we possess the peace of God,
  And justified through Jesus' blood.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
St. John's, Newfoundland 14/10/02.

Christ coming down from the Mountain.

Matthew viii.

He descendeth from the mountain,
  But not to rest Him in the plain
For the rocks by rill, and fountain—
  Echoed out—"He comes down again!
Here, He cometh! let us meet Him!
  Oh see! He's smiling just the same,
As, when on the side of Olivet,
  He taught the Word, and made it plain."

Down He cometh, not to taunt us,
  For having cold and hardened hearts,
But to practice what He preaches,
  Great healing power His word imparts,
To all who comes, and believeth,
  In Him, their soul He doth convert,
He the leper, sore relieveth,
  A feat which baffled men, expert.

At Capernaum, the Centurion,
  Spoke of his servant—to the Lord,
And beseeched—that for to heal him,
  He'd need but only, say the word,
Then Jesus gave the word of power,
  Which healed the sick man—and He saith,
"Go, thy way, thy servant liveth,
  'Tis done according to thy faith."

In Peter's house, the wife's mother,
  From bed of fever, He did raise,
And multitudes crowded round Him,
  To see His wonders, and give praise!
Till all the sick restored and healed,
  Were from infirmities relieved,
Evil spirits, to Him were subject,
  And freed the souls, they long enslaved.

'Tis eventide, and, Jesus weary—
  Desired to cross to yonder side,
Then says one to Him ; "I'll follow,
  And evermore with Thee abide."
The Master said, "Yon bird that flies
  Can claim the eyre for its nest,
And there find sheltering place—but I,
  Have in this world, no where to rest."

"Yet I know, high up in glory,
  My Father's house is there, and ye—
After ye have told life's story,
  Shall come up there, to bide with Me,
But friends, to-day and to-morrow,
  I will continue with you here,
And when I go, ye shall sorrow!
  But in the spirit, I'll be near."

At sea, 5/5/02.

———:o:———

Birthday Acrostic.

MARGARET BELL.

Merrily rings thy birthday bells
Announcing the happy event,
Ringing sweet peals, the news which tells
Good tidings to you He hath sent.
Ah, lovely those peals strike the ear,
Remember He will be thy guide;
Enough then, ye never need fear,
'Tis all well, for He will provide.
Be joyful, and trust in thy Lord,
Each good thing in His time will come,
Lovely birthday gifts He'll afford,
Look for them till He calls you home.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Philadelphia. 18/2/04.

Home Again.

"Then are they glad, because . . . . . He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Psalm cvii., 30.

Home once again, the voyage is past,
  Wild ocean cross'd, now calm at last,
Thus it will be, when life is o'er,
  Tranquil calm, on eternal shore.

Oh my soul, do praise thy Lord
  Who leadeth thee, rest on His word,
Be this thine anchor, once made fast,
  Its cable strong is sure to last.

When this, our earthly voyage is o'er
  We'll dwell upon a brighter shore,
Where we with those dear friends of yore,
  Sing praise, of Him whom we adore.

Of Him who walked on Galilee!
  Jesus, who stilled that troubled sea!
My soul, rejoice this morn in Him,
  Who gives this joy, and peace within.

This world with all its gilded joys,
  Is nought to us but base alloy,
We've found the pearl which is the best,
  Whose value, far surpass the rest.

To-day, we hail the harbour bells!
  Whose welcom'ng peel all gloom dispells!
That day we'll hail celestial rings,
  On seraph harp, of golden strings.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Anchored at Greenock. 5 a.m., 8/5/02.

Anniversary of Queen Victoria's Birthday.

"I put on righteousness, and it clothed me : my judgment was a robe and a diadem."—Job xxix., 14

Victoria of bless'd memory ! thy birthday we commemorate,
We could ne'er forget thee, queen of each heart !
Though at "Frogmore" reclining by the side of thine own "Albert,"
Whose lives God so united—death could not part,
How can we best celebrate the day that gave Britannica
Princess Victoria, of gentle mood—
She who made resolves while still in her happy days of girlhood:
"When I'm Great Britain's Queen I will be good."

Resolves the Royal maiden, at once sealed by fervent prayer
Kneeling 'side her maid—entreated the King—
High up yonder in Heaven—that He would aye grant His favour :
Help her bear sway that would happiness bring.
When the crown of priceless jewels was placed on her fair brow
Had ever Badge of State more honoured been—
Than that ? when young Victoria sitting crowned upon the throne,
Heard her people calling : "God save the Queen."

Oh ! how much we all loved her whose homes Balmoral and Windsor,
Seem'd more than earth's thrones—so holy her ways,
Giving Him all glory for what He did bestow upon her--
Country and people—she gave God the praise,
Not only her own kingdom was remembered in her prayers,
But ever entreated for the world round,
That the blessed peace of Heaven, might here on earth be given
Till love would conquer and ever abound.

There never was an earthly monarch, more revered and honoured,
Since at "Kensington" she first saw the light,
Till the world was plunged in sorrow when told that Queen Victoria
Passed away at "Osborne" in "Isle of Wight!"
She would not have left us, if the petitions of her people,
On earth would be granted—by Him who could;
But her reigning here was ended, and she longed to ascend to Jesus her Saviour, and "Albert the Good."

Now, let us celebrate this day—sacred to her memory—
By vowing fealty to "Edward," and cling
To him, for his dear mother's sake—the son of many prayers,
Let us join in singing—"God save our King."
May the Great King of Heaven so defend, and guard, and guide him
To rule with good spirit, calm, and serene,
While our colonies, and islands, old country, Low and Highland,
Bless "Edward," son of Victoria, lov'd Queen.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Bound for St. John's, Newfoundland. At sea, 24/2/05.

———:o:———

Victoria.

V ictoria! our late, loved Queen!
I always think how good you've been,
C ausing thy people to rejoice
T hroughout the realm, good was thy choice.
O h now we think of thee in Heaven,
R hearsing how Christ had forgiven,
I know when this brief life is past,
A lone with Him, we'll meet at last.

Victoria Day. At sea, 24/5/04.

He Knows Best.

"Thou hast caused me to hope—this is my comfort in affliction."—Psalm cix., 49 and 50.

Our passengers mustered! all trim aboard!
  We sailed out with true devotion,
The good "Buenos Ayrean" homeward bound—
  For Scotland over the ocean.

Many gazed wistfully over the side,
  But all in high admiration,
Of the good ship which should sail up the Clyde,
  In time for the coronation.

In the pleasant circle that's now on board
  Is one of Scotia's daughters,
Whose sweet kindly face aye wears a bright smile,
  Tho' sickness far down has brought her.

How soul-inspiring at all times to me?
  Tho' disease mark'd her its victim—
To hear her tell out, "Whatever's to be?"
  "He knows best, and I can trust Him."

Her little daughter Nell, the lonely child!
  May the Lord Himself sustain her,
Tho' but young in years, she is wise at heart;
  May grace abounding remain there.

The little one's father "has crossed the bourne"—
  Sad 'twas, to part with his darling!
Yet, she says: "It is well," the Bible tells,
  They'll meet up there in the morning.

To her saddened heart! it comfort imparts!
  That such sorrow cometh for good;
And she'll trust and obey, from day to day,
  Like the one—"Who did what she could."

Oh, Father in Heaven, spare her mother!
  Would'st Thou leave Nelly all alone?
How could she go alone in this desert?
  Yet, she prayeth: "Thy will be done!"

KIND REMEMBRANCE OF MRS BRUCE AND LITTLE NELLY

The lovely port, and good friendly people of St. John's, Newfoundland, we left far astern, and as we sped onward with all haste to be home in time for the coronation of their good and gracious Majesties King Edward, and Queen Alexandra, for whom many were the loyal and kindly wishes expressed by one and all of the pleasant people who travelled with us, not more so by any than by her who is sorely afflicted, and, who knew well the time will not be long until she is in sight of—"The Land that is (to many) very far off, and in presence of the King in His beauty." Great is her love to the old homeland and high is her hope to see old friends once again, greater still is her desire to get away to yon beautiful land on high, where loved ones are waiting, free from sickness and care, and in presence of Him who is crowned with many crowns.

The few lines written are, in admiration of the fortitude and calm patience and strong faith of my Christian countrywoman though in sore affliction, and hath the true sympathy of each one on board. When asked of the future prospects of recovery? Her answers are always so cheerfully given—"He knows best" and "I can trust Him, whether I am left here, or taken away yonder!" She with her little and only daughter, are in the attire of mourning for their dear one who is left slumbering in the Presbyterian Cemetery at St. John's, so far away from his native Scotland.

At sea, 23/5/02

A Beautiful Morning.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm xxx., 5.

Beautiful morning! and my heart thus sing!
  What trophies to His feet, my soul should bring?
Mine eyes doth behold, His beauty all round,
  While swiftly we're sailing, and—homeward bound.

Oh beautiful morning! reminding me,
  This life is but brief—just a narrow sea,
Over it I sail—to that land over there,
  Where my Saviour dwells, in that haven fair

I will set every sail to catch the breeze,
  To bear me away to that glorious scene,
On the golden shore of eternity,
  Sin cannot follow, all is serene,

'Tis best to surrender when Christ doth call,
  Hearken now! and come to Him, once for all,
Take the blest assurance, that He doth clean
  The soul from all guilt, then you're pure within.

A prodigal, I wandered, far from home,
  He sought and found me, and brought me right in,
There, and then pardoned, His blood did atone,
  I'll nevermore wander, I'm kept by Him.

At sea, 27/7/02

The Stranded Steamship "Grecian."

Alas! good old "Grecian," how gallant wert thou?
When the rough winds did howl, and the tempest did rage,
Thy commander "Legallies" knew well thy merits;
Were to spurn rash elements which would thee engage.
In the fiercest of storms, he spoke well of thy form,
Showing ye were his favourite, fleet maid of the sea,
Oh, why did they take him? and gave others thy charge,
Sad to him was the day! when he parted with thee.

Ye breakers, have mercy! why torture the maiden?
Why so rudely behave? 'tis heart breaking to see
Her shrouds all awash, and her helm rashly taken,
Oh, to think of past days, when she sported with thee.
Oft' have I listened to thy boatswain's shrill whistle,
When calling his orders to brave sailors aloft—
Morning, noon, and twilight, the chantie went chiming;
Ye have always such merry men, forward and aft.

Where are they to be found now these merry bright faces?
Braw men and fair women, ye brought over the sea,
Right jolly they seem'd when all those took their places,
Parading up and down thy pine decks—to the lee,
Spinnings yarns, some of which, when given in whispers
Would bring peels of laughter which long had endured;
Right earnest the vows, as were fair each good promise
Made by the young gallants, to the maids they adored.

Nought else but happiness reigned on the quarter deck,
From all cabins and staterooms, glad songs did abound;
But for thoughts of thee speeding to have us separate,
We were happy as bairns on a merry-go-round,
Seeing thee now stranded; by yon gallants abandoned;
Kept sport to fierce breakers, brings the tear to my e'e,
For ye were well worthy a rest in the haven,
Ye gallant old "Grecian," once queen of the sea.

Here alone standing, at thy fate sadly mourning;
  I'm being hastened away from where ye must remain;
But while sailing o'er oceans, I'll never forget
  The glad times we've had in Father Neptune's domain;
To me 'tis a warning to bid thee this farewell!
  And sure 'twill be heeded tho' billows might roar,
I'll secure the "Pilot" who over life's ocean,
  Will bring me to the haven where storms rage no more.

"Buenos Ayrean,"
Bound for Philadelphia, U.S. 14/11/02.

These were my thoughts on seeing the steamship "Grecian" stranded on the rocks, near Halifax, Nova Scotia. With the same ship I made some of my happiest voyages some years ago, when she was under the command of Captain Legallies, and under the patriotic and excellent Chief Steward, Charles Rankine, Esq.

———:o:———

After the loan of a Book.

"Old Wine and New."

To JOHN POTTER, Esq., S.S. "Buenos Ayrean."

Joyful word it contains,
  Oh, 'tis a blessed book,
His truths revealed, and so made plain,
  Now, why not to Him look?

Preserved they are who trust,
  Oh, why not trust Him now?
Think how the Saviour loved thee first,
  Then at His footstool bow.

Ever remember—He
  Returns to claim His own;
Salvation sure He offers free,
  Secure this e'er 'tis flown.

Be thy voyage long or short
  Ye never need to fear—
A safe arrival in yon port,
  Nor will you shed a tear.

At sea, 28/2/.4.

The Abandoned Raft.

"Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship . . . escaped safe to land."—Acts xxvii., 44.

See! away on the crest of yon billow!
  There again! drifting far down to our lea!
Look! e'er it sinks again in the hollow!
  Ah! it is a raft—sore tossed by the sea.

We held our breath, but our prayers ascended,
  Until by its side our good ship arrived,
Oh, how gladly we would have attended?
  If any had been left, with hope revived.

But no one was there with signals hoisted
  Or tell, how from that raft they had been borne,
Yet our hearts beat faster, and eyes moistened,
  We could not help us, it seemed so forlorn.

Forlorn it was, on the boundless ocean,
  Without chart, or compass, or spreading sails,
Nor master hand to control its motion;
  But helplessly swept by uncertain gales.

And yet, its mission might now be ended,
  After long upholding some sailors brave;
Till some watchful eyes had seen them drifting,
  And had them rescued from a watery grave.

Why, when they rescued thy freight so precious,
  Did they not take thee, to some quiet safe place?
For thy great service, it seem'd ungracious
  To leave thee abandoned o'er endless space.

Lone raft, a symbol ye are, far reaching
  To me in thy drifting—God speaks to-day:
"Look up, be steadfast, while to others preaching,
  Lest thou thyself become a castaway."

I'll mind thy sermon, tho' mutely given,
  While to others preaching, I'll watch yon star,
Till raft and freight, is safely into Heaven;
  Beyond the moaning of the harbour bar.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." 7/12/02.

Thoughts after seeing an abandoned raft, drifting about in angry sea, in Latitude 52°-30″ North; Longitude 14°-33″ West; 10.30 a.m.

———:o:———

An Acrostic.

To Miss (Dorothy Drew, L——).

D own goes my wishes here,
O h, earnest I would be!
R enouncing all but what's sincere,
O f all I'd say to thee.
T hy paths are ordered right,
H is own hand leads thee on,
Y e need not fear, walk in His light
D ivine, till He will come.
R emember aye, His love
E ternally the same;
W atch for His coming from above,
L et this be all thine aim.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean," At sea, 26/3/04.

"Its what Jesus would have done."

"I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done."—Matthew xiii., 15.

When smallpox took fierce hold of George—
That brought him danger, with its pain!
His sister "Lena" took in charge
To nurse him back to health again.

"It's What Jesus would have done!" she said,
Then left her home, and did repair—
Her to his cot where sickly laid,
And 'tended him with loving care.

Tho' human skill its last had given,
The maiden's faith was in another—
With pleading voice, she cried to Heaven!
"Oh God! do spare my own sweet brother."

Then He alone, did hear her cry,
And in His goodness spared the boy,
Who then had seen her do her part?
Could e'er forget her joyful heart.

May heralds swift thy praises tell,
Till all shall hear, ye have done well,
And little counted it the cost,
If thine own life might then be lost.

Heroic deeds receive applause!
And thine shall have its share, because,
'Twas nobly done! we here declare!
And high in heaven, 'twas lauded there.

Fair maiden sweet, of tender years,
May sorrow never bring thy tears!
Through all thy journey here below,
Garlands of love thy path bestrew.

Then when ye reach yon happy shore,
Where pain, and sickness, come no more
Ye shall receive thy laurels—won—
Doing, "As Jesus would have done."

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 17/5/00.

———:o:———

A Birthday Wish.

Another knot ran off the reel,
  Shows that ye're nearing to the haven;
But may you no anxiety feel,
  To thee a Pilot shall be given.
But oh, my friend, when on life's sea
  May blessings follow in thy wake,
And long, long, may you happy be,
  Accept my wish for old time's sake
On this thy birthday—do not fear
  Tho' your dear friends are far away,
But each of them wish ye were near,
  And this will be their prayer to day—
That ye look to your "Guiding Star,"
  And log your knots as they run out,
Until you're safely o'er the bar,
  Good Latitude, Lead, and Lookout.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 8 a.m., 12/1/05.

Overdue at Sea.

"A bird of the air shall carry the voice..... and tell the matter."—Ecc. x., 20.

Beautiful seagull, swift of wing,
Come near and tell what news ye bring
Of loved ones far across the sea;
Come, tell me how they think of me.

Speed back and tell, God hath not failed,
Tho' wind and storm our ship assailed,
Each weary day and dark long night,
No storm could hide us from His sight.

How would the landsmen like our place?
And yet we're sheltered by God's Grace.
We're at our calling on the deep,
We feel we're safe since He doth keep.

Gennesaret Lake, Christ's voice obeyed,
The same voice here these waves control,
We will not murmur tho' delayed,
Since He is with us to console,

How long He means to keep us here,
Afar from friends and those so dear,
We do not know, we cannot tell,
But this we know, that all is well,

For He is with us, our best friend,
And hears the prayers which thus ascend;
"Jesus, who guides the vessel's track,
Be pleased to bring them safely back."

When He shall take us safely home
To their dear hearts and loving forms,
Oh, how we'll praise, all time to come,
He who upheld us in these storms.

By faith in Him who rules the spheres
We are secure from doubts and fears,
Whilst on life's sea, tho' tempest tossed,
The souls that trusts can ne'er be lost.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean."
Bound for Halifax, N.S. Mid Atlantic, 8/3/03

Having been many days at sea, and long overdue, to-day, Sabbath, at noon, while I paced the deck with pensive thoughts of home, and those in anxiety there, when, suddendly, I notice a beautiful seagull flying towards our ship, and, up to where I stood, watching its approach, it came quite near, and flew several times around me, then, turning, took its flight away swiftly, the direction of home. As I watched it cleaving through the air, till it vanished over the distant horizon, these thoughts came to me.

———:o:———

Acrostic.

[To my dear neice, JESSIE M'INTYRE, after describing Ben Cruachan in its beautiful coat of spotless snow].

———

J ust as we shall, when He will come,
E ver look bright in heavenly bloom,
S hining in His own glorious rays,
S inging with angels His songs of praise ;
I njoying all gladness in His lovely abode,
E nthroned with Jesus, in the City of God.

Philadelphia. 1/4/04.

Gratitude.

"Offer unto God thanksgiving."—Psalm l, 14.

My God, Thou knowest my glad heart!
  Thou hast Thy witness there,
And read my thoughts before they come,
  Out to this world of care.

Come near, oh dwell within my soul!
  And hold it ever Thine;
'Twas for my sins that Jesus died,
  Wherefore then should I pine?

Since He is God and Comforter,
  This blessed Saviour mine,
I will rejoice! the work is done,
  Done by His love divine.

Done, while eternity shall last;
  Yea, loves me evermore,
And when this voyage of life is past,
  He'll take me to yon shore.

Then storms, and tumults, all shall cease,
  Nothing but peace and love,
In that bright home, where loved ones dwell,
  With Him in Heaven above.

Anchored in the Bay,
  Halifax, Nova Scotia. 10/3/03.

The Sailor's Haven.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."—Matt. xxv., 25.

Come sailor, welcome! Far from home—
Where loving hearts think fondly now—
Of thee, tho' far from them ye roam!
Here is a Haven, for thee, come!
Come jovial heart! With soul so brave!
No coward would thy calling crave!
Sore, tempest-tossed, amongst fierce waves,
Where storms sweep o'er the awful main.

Ah sailor! here find friendly rest!
Where storms and tempest ne'er distress!
And where kind hearts will welcome thee,
Dear stranger from across the sea!
We'll meet thee here, within the Haven!
Where entertainments, free, are given—
To cheer the sailor, long storm driven
And he so far from loved ones riven.

When in the Haven rest you've found,
We'll listen to your joke and song,
Whatever nation ye belong,
'Tis welcome here! Thy mother tongue
If God at times thy lips inspire
With Heavenly grace and holy fire,
Come to the Haven, here apply,
To souls, the message He supplied.

Our God and King, who rules the realm—
And chosen thee to be his herald!
Will bless all times, each cheerful giver!
Who help provide for thee this Haven.
Ye cannot come too often here,
This place is thine, and never fear
That ye'll be turned friendless away,
When'er ye come, by night or day.

There are temptations when ye land!
Alluring thee on every hand,
Oh, false and fickle such quicksands,
Steer clear of them, lest ye should strand.
We welcome thee! make long thy stay,
'Twill help to wile the hours away—
To converse here, with ink and pen,
With her you love in yon far land.

If sickness did thy barque surround!
'Twould be our place, we would be bound
To haul thee through, and stand by thee,
Till ye again put out to sea,
Or if while trying hard to tow
Thee safe from reef and sunken shoal,
Thy cable slipped, and ye let go—
Of thy vain hope in human power.

Then we would take thee to your place,
A sacred spot! The stranger's rest!
What tho' afar from kindred dust?
God's angels guard that place so blest!
But now come rest here, while ashore,
Till ye again sail towards home,
Yonder, where loved ones kneel in prayer
On thy behalf! to Him in Heaven.

Remember, Jesus loved to be
With His disciples, on the sea,
And when the storms their souls oppressed
He bade the tempest be at rest.
Have Him, thy pilot and thy guide,
While sailing o'er life's ebbing tide
He'll bring ye to yon further shore,
Where storms and tempest beat no more.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." Boston, Mass., 10/3/03.

In Fond Remembrance,

OF THE 16TH MARCH,

Birthday Anniversary of my late dear friend,

WILLIAM GRAHAM, ESQ.,
THORNLIEBANK,

Who was called home on 8th February, 1890.

A true friend in time of need.

TO MRS WM. GRAHAM, THORNLIEBANK.

Can I forget thee, dearest friend,
Tho' ye have reached your journey's end,
And 'neath the mound, in peaceful sleep,
There angels guard where loved ones weep.

Ah no, my friend, thy memory dear
Shall stay by me while I am here,
Until I too shall cross the bourne,
And see thee yonder with thy crown.

I'll see thee yonder 'side thy King
Who called thee home to thy reward,
Since to His poor ones ye did give,
Their prayers for thee by Him were heard.

A friend indeed ye were to me,
And soothed my heart in sorrow's day,
Tears with thy bounty ye did give,
And all that would my grief allay.

Where're I go, by night or day,
Afar from home on life's rough way,
My heart go out to that dear place
Where we were wont to see thy face.

And here, this day, tho' seas divide
Me from that place where friends reside,
My thoughts with theirs, doth blend while we,
Our dearest friend, do think of thee.

But while we think of thee and mourn,
We have the consolation given
That when our souls from hence are borne,
We'll meet thee there with Christ in Heaven.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 16/3/03.

———:o:———

Another Week.

"He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks."—Jer. v., 24.

———

Another week, given by Thee.
Who giveth all good things that be,
God of Creation! Thou indeed—
Supplieth all these things we need.

Guide us in all our ways this week,
Each hour we pass, awake, asleep,
Let not temptation overcome,
We cast our burdens on Thy Son.

We are His own, He made us free,
Wild branches grafted to the tree,
And while exposed to threatening gales,
We seek that aid which never fails.

We do not fear but He will come,
To share with us the Harvest Home,
But through this week, keep us, O keep!
While sailing o'er the mighty deep.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 21/10/02.

Sailing from Philadelphia.

"And they accompanied Him unto the ship."—Acts xx., 38.

To-day we sail, and leave friends here,
  Many who would—if they could come;
But Thou wilt bless them in their sphere,
  Until we meet—"Thy will be done."

Abide with them, while here they stay
  With young and old, where'er they dwell,
In Christian homes, at duty's call,
  Let Thine own smile all gloom dispel.

Take us, O Lord, and lead us home,
  Across the sea, where lov'd ones dwell,
And though fierce storms are sure to come,
  Thine arm can save, and all is well.

Then when a few short years are flown,
  We'll sail no more o'er troubled seas;
Sorrows and partings are not known,
  On that bright shore, where all is peace.

On the Delaware River,
  Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A. 21/3/03.

What my Father Sang.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth."—Psalm xl., 3.

My father sang of God's glory,
He sang of the Saviour's love,
He sang of the sweet Old Story,
He sang of the Eden above,
He sang of the Holy Trinity,
He sang of that union in Heaven,
He sang of our Lord's divinity,
He sang of how His life was given,
He sang of His death on Calvary,
He sang of where He was laid,
He sang of His triumphant Ascention,
He sang of His coming again,
He sang of the peace giving Spirit,
He sang of His presence within,
He sang of loved ones when riven,
He sang of their being with Him,
He sang since I could remember,
He sang when he was hard pressed,
He sang when all went smoothly,
He sang when fierce billows distressed,
He sang as the valley he entered,
He sang of "a day in Thy courts,"
He sang when we were sorrowing,
He sang of partings which were but short.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 28/3/03.

The anniversary of my dear father's departure home to be with his Saviour.

Easter Morning.

"He is not here, for He is risen, as He said."—Matt. xxvii., 6.

Blessed Easter Sabbath morning,
  Our souls rejoice to see!
And we hail Him who hath risen!
  Christ hath risen! so shall we.

Jesus, who came to live down here,
  The meek and lowly one,
Was the fairest of ten thousand,
  And God's own beloved son.

He came without spot or blemish,
  From the virgin's womb,
We, the sinful ones did slay Him!
  And laid Him in yonder tomb.

'Twas there His followers, thus spoke:
  "Here's where they have Him laid";
But on the third day He awoke,
  And arose up—"As He said."

He hath risen up to Heaven,
  Let us now look above,
To the place from whence He cometh,
  He, the Christ, and God of love.

He hath risen up triumphant!
  First fruits of them that slept;
We shall rise that morning and bless Him,
  Who from sin—our souls hath kept.

Oh, blessed Easter, which remind,
  Who doth our sorrows bear!
Jesus, above all others kind,
  His last coming draweth near.

At Home,
New City Road, Glasgow. 12/4/03.

Cuimbueachan,

AIR SON

SIR EACHUNN DOMHLANACH!

BE FIN AN LOACHAN MOR!

Air—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Och! nach sinne nis tha truagh!
Caoidh a Gaidheal, a sgaradh bhuainne!
Sir Eachunn Domhlanach ur'n uill,
Na 'suain, gu la bhrath!
Tha leann dubh oirnn gu trom,
Bho'n thugta bhuainn an curaidh mor!
Cha robh'a leithid s'ann Roinn Eorpa,
Gaisgeach mor un Arm.

Thà a bantrach ri trom bhron!
Gul air son a cheile posd!
A mac' ri taobh, gu tuirseach trom—
Co-fhurtachd cha gabh iad!
Companich,—sa brathairen coir—
Fuireachd ba,bh le n'cridhe leointe!
Cha cuala's roimh urad bron!
Tha n'Saoghal mor ga caoidh!

B'e an laoch e anns gach blar—
Aig iomain, Reisimeid nan Gaidheil,
Tionndadh cath an aghaidh namh.
Feachdaire mor an arm!
B'fad air toiseach e san strith,
Air each cogaidh b'oirdheirc gleus,
Tabhairt ordugh do na loach,
Lad dh'eanadh an abhaist!

Air ceam a dh'aoine, no leis fhein;
Be smior a Gaidheal e 'sgach ceum!
Aig "Majuba" rinn e dhearbh—
Nuair thuit cach gu leir!
Co nach cuala gniomh an t'saoidh,
Nuair a 'teann a naimdhe dlu,
Thug e dulon doibh gu leir.
S'claidheamh ruisgte na lamh!

Be coisinn cliu aig "Kandahar"—
Le "Sir Robert" s'na "Gordans."
Aig "Omdurman" she thug baidh
Leis, na "Sondanese,"
Sgoi,t e n'Reisimeid co grad,
Ni nach d'rinn aon roimh lé feachd!
Guiomh air am bith luadh am feasd—
Bha e treun thar gloir.

Aig "Peardeberg" cha ghabaid tamh,
Ged a fhuair e saighd a bas!
Mairidh cuimhue air ainm s'gach aite,
Morchuis "*Fighting Mac.*"
Bi "Victoria" thug-dha-speis!
Righ "Eideard" duilich e deigh!
Och, mo trudighe air com nan Gaidheil!
Or dh'falbh uaill an cridhé!

Ged san m'Baile mor ar Rioghachd,
Tha e na cadal siochail!
Nach iomadh suil'n 'sileadhs deur,
Air uaigh a Gaisgeach mor!
Gus am "bris moch madain la,"
Nuair thig "Criosd" a gairm a naoimh!
Se bith's maiseach geiridh suas,
Eachunn mor *nam buaidh.*

These were my thoughts while standing by the grave of our "Highland Hero" over which sacred spot, we all wish to have soon placed a "*Memorial*" worthy of our Country's worthiest son, Sir Hector M'Donald, at whose—"Tusm Siochail"—Highlanders will visit, till the end of time, rehearsing the Valiant and Glorious deeds done by the Great Warrior, now taking his well earned rest. He fought and overcame his Country's enemies, but did not leave an enemy behind him here, "We'll never see his like again."

A Request.

"Let your requests be known unto God."—Phil. iv., 6

I ask, O God—for dying souls,
  Since Thou eternal life can'st give,
Do Thou be pleased, to make them whole,
  And evermore in Thee to live.

Oh hear my prayer on their behalf,
  I ask it all for Jesus' sake;
'Twas He who died, that when they slept,
  They in His likeness would awake.

And, when they come, both young and old,
  Be pleased to take them to Thy fold,
And keep them safe till morning dawns,
  When Jesus comes to claim His own.

Oh blessed be Thy name—who hears
  And keeps us free from doubts and fears;
We part to-day! but then we'll meet!
  Till then, O God, do Thou us keep.

Off Highland Lighthouse,
  Boston Harbuur. 4/5/03.

His Consolation.

"Our Father . . . . has given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace."—2 Thess. ii., 16.

My soul, have consolation!
  Thy Lord to thee doth say,
"I wrought thy condonation,
  And bore thy sins away;
Take courage, for I'll guide thee,
  Fast holding thy right hand,
Until at eventide, ye
  Shall view the Promised Land."

The same mighty Jehovah,
  Hath promised to be near;
Withholding consternation,
  Then, why should we have fear?
The man who trusts entirely
  On Jesus Christ the Lord,
Will feel his consolation,
  As said in His bless'd word.

Now, oh, my soul, be earnest;
  And show abroad His love,
That dying souls around thee,
  Might with thee—look above,
And share this consolation,
  Which faith brings from the throne;
And sing with adoration,
  When Christ their souls adorn.

He'll guide us with His counsels,
  Just as His word declares,
Till our own eyes behold Him,
  The rose of Sharon fair!
Then in that home all glorious,
  We'll ever with Him dwell;
But of that consolation,
  No mortal tongue can tell.

At sea, 10/5/03.

His Precious Blood.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."—Revelations i., 5.

I am redeemed! His precious blood
Was shed, my soul to win;
He bids me now, walk in His steps,
And closely follow Him,
And closely follow Him.

Wherever in this world I go,
I'll be His witness sure,
And tell the merits of that blood,
Was what made me secure,
Was what made me secure.

Oh, for that day, when I shall rise,
From this vain world of sin,
And see my Saviour, face to face,
In yon bright realms serene,
In yon bright realms serene.

But here, I'll work at His command,
Till o'er that swelling flood,
I'll see my Lord who died to save,
By His own precious blood,
By His own precious blood.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." On the Atlantic Ocean, 17/5/03.

Departure of
Mrs. Alexander Allan, Glasgow.

A dear Christian lady, and a true friend to the poor, who very sadly mourn her loss.

"This woman was full of good works and alms deeds, which she did."—Acts x., 36.

Wae's me this day, "Mistress Allan" has pass'd away!
Her kindly heart ceased beating! her bright soul is fled,
Bow'd down with sorrow, the poor no joy can borrow,
Since their best friend in this world is lying in state,
Yes, lying silent, while they are passing by her,
It was not what she were wont when they came for aid,
No poor widowed mother, orphan, son, or daughter,
Would pass without her blessing, and kindly words said.

Peaceful her slumber, never again to awaken,
To pray for the sinful one, and mourn with the sad!
To give of her bounty to the poor and hungry,
Her open hand so liberally made them feel glad,
Visiting homesteads which other friends abandoned,
Here she would impart the much needed words of cheer
Telling them the Saviour would never leave them stranded,
And by trusting Him, they had nothing more to fear.

Kind was she and gentle, exemplary Christian,
In her own home circle, she presided there with love,
All gave their testimony, who shared her hospitality—
That nothing could surpass her; she seem'd from above!
Thus she spread around her, abroad, or in the home-stead,
Deeds of loving kindness out of fulness of heart,
Presiding in society, or 'mongst cottars humble
Her mood never chang'd wher'er she play'd her part.

Ministers of the Gospel went seeking her assistance—
To help them build new churches, mission house or hall,
Read'ly she responded, giving many sums round,
That places might abound from where they'd on Him call,
Missionaries, and laymen—all times had her favour,
Since in God's field they labour'd upholding the cross,
Orphanage and poorhouse, at suburb, town and seaside,
Were brighten'd by her smiles, her kind words did engross.

We, the wandering sailors ever had her prayers,
However far from home wild winds would have us sweep,
Her own life companion, her son, and loved relations,
Followed our lone calling, upon the angry deep,
She held on with our mother, wife, child, or sister—
With faith in that strong cable to the Anchor of Hope,
But when fierce storms assailed, and death's wrath had prevailed
From helping such bereaved—no one her hand could stop.

Fain would we linger, by her side the well-beloved—
E'er from us is carried, her fair form on the bier,
But since she must depart—we'll treasure in our memories,
When we shed with her family the sympathetic tear;
While on life's brief journey, we'll think of her fondly,
How kindly to the last, in Christ's name she did share,
Then when night is over—at dawning of the morning,
We'll meet her with Him yonder, there's no parting there

IN KIND REMEMBRANCE.

S.S. "Monte Videan." At sea, 1892.

Departure of
Alexander Allan, Esq., Glasgow.

Owner of the "Allan" Line, Glasgow, and our beloved employer.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—Psalm cxii., 6.

Sad are our hearts this day! our master whom we loved,
Is called to his long home, we'll see him here no more!
We'll see no more his smile, since he is gone away—
To be with her he loved—now on that further shore
He could no longer stay, no pleasure did he crave,
Since she had led the way where tears could not come,
God, ever wise and just, in whom he had his trust—
Knew well his heart's fond wish, so, He called him up home.

We'll miss him for all time, while down here we reside,
In speeding o'er life's tide we'll miss his guiding hand!
His wonted words of cheer, kept us from having fear,
What could be more serene than when he took his stand,
Against the wiles of sin, that would man's soul enslave?
He spoke with perfect grace, and counsels wise did share,
And he gave of his means, that dejected ones might have,
And none down-hearted came that did not have his prayer.

Oh, wise was he and good, no changing in his mood,
Doing what he could, spreading influence far and wide,
Ne'er cared he for applause! nor what the people said,
He walked in wisdom's way, well looking to his Guide,
Teaching us, his servants, that we should also learn
To be all times observant of God's good guiding word,
Pointing out the footpath leading to high welfare—
Was never by ourselves, but ordered by the Lord.

Oh lay him down gently 'mongst wreaths of love's token,
The hearts, and the anchors, the crosslets, and the crowns—
Well he deserved them all, with tears and hearts broken,
We, thus give the last look at the form we lay down.
In this peaceful harbour, beside his own darling,
He shall rest undisturbed where the storms cannot smart—
Then the Great Pilot, will welcome to His side,
The master and servant, who for Him did their part.

BY ONE OF HIS HUMBLE SERVANTS.

S.S. "Monte Videan." At sea, 1892.

———:o:———

Mother Weston, Acrostic.

"Who received us, and lodged us . . . courteously."—Acts xxviii., 7

M other Weston, my blessing take;
O h, this I wish for Jesus sake;
T he good that's done amongst thy boys,
H eaven truly knows—God thee employs
E ver to tell the boys in blue;
R emember Christ their friend so true.

W onderously blest thy doings all,
E very sailor thy deeds recall;
S ailing now upon every sea
T hy boys in blue, thus pray for thee:
O h, God! spare her for long, long years,
N ow, thus we pray, and Jesus hears.

Mother Weston, the sailor's friend, Portsmouth, England.

"Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 12/4/94.

Can God be Worshipped There?

"The true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit, and in truth."—John vi., 23.

Out on the boundless ocean,
  When it so fiercely roll,
Its billows in commotion,
  As if beyond control;
When, on ship, and hurricane,
  Vexed men, vile words confer;
The thought to me occurred:
  "Can God be worshipped there?"

Yes! there He can be worshipped,
  As in the days of yore,
When Christ with His deciples
  Sailed out from Galilee's shore.
I could not but Him worship,
  He is so good and great;
The kindest, strongest refuge,
  My sure, and safe retreat.

Oh, if these men but knew Him,
  His praise forth they would tell;
His secret would be with them,
  Wherever they might dwell.
They'd find in their devotion,
  Tho' on the angry sea,
No billows, or commotion,
  Breaks His tranquility.

My friend, let nothing keep thee
  From worshipping thy God;
Through storms of life—that need be.
  Since He is the Great Pilot,
Who will us safely guide
  Into that haven tranquil,
To worship by His side.

At sea, 17/5/03.

The above was written after a remark made to me by John Baird, one of my assistant stewards, on the s.s. "Buenos Ayrean."

———:o:———

Birthday Wish.

To Sister Bess.

For thy birthday, take this token,
  Tho' 'tis written—think it spoken,
To you it goes across the sea,
  To show that I had thoughts of thee.
Sweet sister, take thy brother's love,
  And may good gifts from God above,
Be sent to cheer thee on thy way,
  At each return of this sweet day;
And may their number many be,
  The happy years that's given thee,
Ere thy last birthday here is pass'd,
  Then Heaven's joy be thine at last.

S.S. "Corinthian,"
Montreal. 4/11/05.

Springing Memories.

"Call to remembrance the former days."—Heb. x., 32.

Memories of the happy past!
  These all spring up to-day;
How surely God His favour cast
  O'er all that winding way
Which I have trod, since my first step
  At bonnie Clachan Seil,
In Nether Lorn—but I forget,
  How friends that step did hail.

Yet I've been told that in our home,
  There was much mirth displayed,
By parents fond—thus see their son,
  Step forth—without their aid;
And see the little tottering feet,
  The first attempt did make;
Their prayer went up: "O God him keep,
  And guide each step he'll take."

God did them hear—for though at times
  Sad changes I do see,
At home, abroad in other climes,
  And when afar at sea,
I feel His presence ever near,
  To cheer, and help me on;
In answer to my parents dear,
  Who asked Him—guide their son.

Tho' far to-day from that dear land,
  Where pine and heather grow,
In fancy here, I see that strand!
  I wander to and fro.
That little cottage, Oh, how sweet!
  Same as in days of yore!
Why did I leave that charm'd retreat?
  To roam the wide world o'er.

Memories of these friends that were;
  Oh, how they do return,
As they were wont, our joys to share!
  Tho' they have crossed the bourne;
Our companions then on life's way,
  Their kind deeds and goodwill,
Spring up before me in array,
  As if they liv'd here still.

They live! but, 'tis in Heaven above,
  Where memories never fade,
They think of us, still left down here,
  Yet by our Father led.
And, while we journey here below,
  Our memories shall restore;
The happy moments that have been,
  But, gone to come no more.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean," At sea, 28/6/03.

A Wish in an Autograph Book.

"I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper."—
John iii., 2.

'Tis sweet to know when far away
From fond ones, all we love so dear,
There is a Friend who leads the way,
Whose presence is for ever near.

And wheresoever ye may be,
On that far shore beyond the sea,
May all the joy that He can give,
Be thine and those, who with thee live.

Then when He calls thee to resign
All these good gifts ye now call thine;
May friends then hear ye say, "He's come!
Rejoice! He's come, to take me home!"

However long He'll let thee stay
Amongst, or far from home so gay,
We know there'll be a parting hour,
A brighter home, in Eden bower.

TO MR AND MRS MASON, OFF CAPE RACE.

At sea, 13/6/03.

The Sabbath Day.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—Exodus xx., 8.

This is Thy day! Thy holy day!
  Help me to sing sweetly in its praise;
The day that cheers us on our way,
  While in Thine house, our voice we raise.

To go into Thy house, I may
  There help to have Thy word proclaimed,
And with Thy people, sing, and pray,
  On this sweet day Thyself ordained.

How bless'd to make Thy house our choice,
  Thus, here foretasting joys of Heaven,
There worshipping with heart and voice,
  Joys, which Thou to Thine own hast given.

I'll praise Thee for Thy Sabbaths here,
  I'll praise Thee in Thy courts above,
For now I feel Thy presence near,
  But help me here to show Thy love.

Oh, when Thy last long Sabbath come,
  On which Thou wilt call Thine own home,
To be with Him who came to save;
  We'll bless each Sabbath Thou hast given.

Montreal Harbour,
  Sabbath Day. 21/6/03.

A Mariner visiting his old Home.

"We are sojourners as were all our fathers, our days on the earth, are as a shadow, and there is none abiding."—1 Chron. xxix., 15.

Oh, happy do I feel this day!
  Here by this good ship borne,
Past Isle of Seil, 'tward Oban Bay,
  To see thee—Frog of Lorn.

How oft, when far from where ye stand,
  I've heard men speak of thee—
Great rock, so placed at God's command,
  Through ages there to be.

Reminder of another Rock,
  With its foundation sure,
Against which, storms of time may knock,
  But aye, it stands secure.

Good captain! if you knew my mind,
  You'd ease "her" down to slow;
Whilst passing places that I find,
  Keeps memory all aglow.

Green Rudha Hills, where as a boy
  I had the flock to herd;
With faithful Rover as my toy,
  When romping o'er thy sward.

Who could have touched me when he stood,
  Beside me as my guard?
Tho' docile was his wonted mood,
  None would yon feat have dared.

When Brownie browsing, in her greed
  Would to temptation yield;
He had her taught—'twas little need,
  To go too far afield.

The master and his wife, both kind,
  And loved beyond compare;
Kept herd-boy and dumb friend in mind,
  Each hour—where'er we were.

When David to our shealing came,
  Right jovial did he,
Sing songs, or tell 'bout men of fame,
  And stories of the sea.

There is the moss, where swift black Jean,
  Did often prove her speed;
When we rode on—as if we'd been,
  The Arab, and his steed.

Ah, there's the islands, where we used
  To imitate "Crusoe,"
Which, had he seen, 'twould have amused—
  Good, Daniel Defoe.

Yonder, the venerable bridge,
  That spans the Clachan sound;
The cottage near it, by yon ridge,
  Stands upon hallowed ground.

That was my loving parent's home,
  Where always as their guest,
Was He, who promised He would come
  To answer their request.

Our cottage home, so neat, tho' small,
  Where we have happy been;
To me 'tis lovelier than all
  Fine palaces I've seen.

'Twas there mine eyes first saw the light,
  There also, after years,
The Gospel truth's dawned on my sight,
  There perished doubts and fears.

Lovely Ben Mhor, and Ardunhua,
  Barnacarray, Taobhcuil,
Eunie, and Cowe, near which was reared,
  Mary, my life's best jewel.

Port Mhor, where may be seen His might,
  In majesty, most grand!
When towering waves, like mountains white,
  Go rolling o'er its sand.

'Twas there that sister Nell and I,
  Too young, of course, to know—
Danger in sport, 'mongst waves so high,
  Racing them to and fro.

So hand-in-hand, we ran our best,
  Till blinded by the spray;
A roller hurled us on its crest,
  'Twas God saved us that day.

We, now but meet 'twixt spans of years;
  But often as we meet,
This we rehearse, tho' falling tears
  Come ere 'tis half repeat.

Kilninver mild, Lochfeochan still,
  Not far, yet, but a peep
At thee, and peaceful Angel Hill
  Where my dear father sleeps.

Ardincaple Point fades from view,
  Too soon to leave thee "Gael";
May thy good captain, and kind crew,
  Have peace where'er they sail.

Pleasant voyagers! we part right here,
  Perhaps to meet no more,
Until in yonder heavenly sphere,
  After earth's sojourn's o'er.

A last fond look around I give,
  To all that here appears;
For if I see these while I live,
  It must be after years.

My own beloved native land,
  What joy thy peaks impart?
Thy rock-bound capes, and rugged strand,
  How dear unto my heart?

'Tis only he who wandered, knows,
  Dear land, how blest thou art;
There are none like thy heath clad knowes,
  In any foreign part.

God had it—I, thy son, should be,
  His purpose, none could foil;
I pray that He, shall aye keep me,
  Right worthy of thy soil.

Oh, fair land of my love! how sweet
  To see thee once again?
And talk with those whom I shall meet,
  Whose love, time doth not wane.

But while I sail along thy shore,
  Ere I step on thy beach;
I here recall the days of yore,
  And what ye then did teach:

"Lovely tho' be the scenes of time,
  They all must soon decay!
These purple hills, which seem sublime,
  Shall also pass away."

"Your dear companions, and each friend,
Shall slip beyond your ken!
Tho' some by strength, their years may trend,
Over three-score and ten."

"But do not fret! tho' young in years,
Some time ye'll understand,
That lovely as this world appears,
'Tis but a weary land."

"You'll find it so, as you sojourn,
Over thy life's brief span;
There'll aye be given cause to mourn!
Avoid it as you can."

What thou hast taught me when I roved,
Along by dale or rill;
Sweet land—long years the truth hath proved,
All must be, as He will.

Some things I've wished for long ago,
Have been to me denied;
It's best to-day, this should be so,
Than if those were supplied.

What He did lend, and then removed!
Above all gifts, dear friends!
All those to us, shall be restored,
When life's brief journey ends.

We'll walk 'mongst fields of fadeless bloom,
In realms of pure delight!
Where shadows never cast their gloom,
Since Jesus, is its light.

Not to sojourn, but to remain,
Whilst endless ages last,
No partings there our hearts to pain!
All sorrows shall be past.

A sight of thee, dear land, now thrills
  My heart, and me console!
So shall yon bright eternal hills,
  Bring gladness to my soul.

As I oft' pine when far away,
  For one more glimpse of thee;
Scenes of my childhood's happy day,
  When these I cannot see.

Long absent here—from Heaven bright,
  The place from whence it came;
My soul longs for the hour of flight,
  To let it home again.

Its wishes may quite soon be given;
  But turn back here it must;
To join this frame—then meet for Heaven,
  When called up from the dust.

Then soul and body, joined in one,
  Shall have the likeness bright:
Of Holy Ghost, Father, and Son,
  Made pleasant to His sight.

Oh, then together we'll behold,
  The new Jerusalem fair,
Where our dear Saviour shall enfold,
  What He went to prepare.

This day, I know, I shall recall,
  After I've crossed the borne,
Now bless'd be God, who loveth all,
  Ev'n though we feel forlorn.

Thank God, that day is not so far,
  Till Christ our pilot comes
To guide us safely o'er the bar,
  To our eternal home.

These verses were written on board Messrs David MacBrayne's (Limited) steamer "Gael," on my first sight (after years) of the Frog of Lorn, and then at the well-known places that we sailed past till we arrived at our own charming Oban. Especially was I touched at sight of the Rudha Hills. The master and his wife mentioned in the verse were the late Mr Dugald McKenzie, a native of the place; and his wife was Elizabeth Oliphant, a native of Fifeshire; David, was a nephew of Mrs McKenzie; their kindness to all was proverbial, for myself, I never met with people who cared for, and took such interest in me—long since the three lovely spirits have crossed over beyond the hills of time, but their lovely memory shall ever remain with us.

Rover was my own property, presented to me by the late Mr Donald McInnes, farmer, Clachan Seil, it was a beautiful creature, large and well-proportioned, well do I remember how careful he was about his coat of black and tan. His duties came quite natural to him, and were performed to the admiration of all who saw him at them, whether gathering sheep or cattle, even horses had to put on their best gallop if he had an occasion to come close to their heels. Sleeky black Jean often showed her dislike to him, but Rover always came off first best.

To-day, after doing the Staffa and Iona trip with the excellent "Gael," and her splendid Commander McArthur, a true Highlander, with which, and whom, I should love to take many such cruises as this of to-day. Nor should I forget the jovial Chief Officer, Mr Cameron, with each member of the crew. My fellow passengers were numerous, and from various parts of the globe, little I thought who the gentleman was, with his lady and son, who made himself so familiar with me, that we talked over many subjects, and above all, spoke of the loveliness of the scenes as we passed each point, island, ben, bay, and loch, showing forth to the praise of the Almighty, in whose praise my newly-made friend spoke freely and eloquently. I said, little did I think who the above gentleman was, until a few minutes before we parted, when Captain McArthur told me he was none other than the genial Bailie B———, of Glasgow, who in other two years was destined to be Lord Provost. My thoughts and feelings towards him winged their flight to higher realms, and I shall always think it one of the treats of my life, to have met, and spoken with himself and his kindly unassuming family. One of the pleasantest outings of my life since I boarded the "Gael" at Loch Aline Morven.

Staffa and Iona are beyond description, they have to be seen by one's own self, and then it could be said with all reverence—"The half has not been told about them." At Iona, Mr Ritchie proved himself more than worthy of what I often heard said about him: "The right man in the right place." At Iona, I unexpectedly met with my cousin's son, Johnnie Page, of

Ballingeich, Stirling, which was a very pleasant surprise to both of us, though we had but a minute together—he enjoyed going through the cathedral and, indeed, every inch of ground gone over during the stay with his friends on the lovely Colmkill. How delighted I was to hear almost everybody speak our own dear Gaelic. When passing the Torrin Rocks, I saw in the far distance the Dubh-heartach Lighthouse, a place I have often seen when more than the same distance to the west of it, out in the wild Atlantic, a sight which often proved precious, as well as pleasant. How calm and lovely seemed all the places. How I wished to be landed at Easdale, that I could walk and talk with each dear old neighbour whom I should meet, and, as usual, make my stay at the Inshaig Park—of which we have a far glimpse—where I had in the past received such a hearty welcome after an absence of fourteen years from my dear old home. It may be years ere I can return to my native land, to enjoy another glimpse like this of to-day, especially at the the Firth of Lorn. This day shall remain with me, evergreen here and yonder.

Written on the steamship "Gael," between Innish, Ardincaple, and Oban. 24th July, 1903.

———:o:———

For the Loan of a Safety Pin.

Friend Hogarth, here's thy safety pin,
  To keep it longer 'twould be sin,
For well I know how much ye prize—
  The article, not for its size;
But for her sake who gave it thee,
  Now she is far across the sea,
And you must keep the pin, of course,
  Then let me add, its none the worse
Of being used by your old friend,
  Who with the pin his greetings send,
And with all he sends his blessing,
  Trusting ye may keep progressing.

S.S. "Corinthian." Irish sea, 9/8/05.

Victoria.

"I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations."—Psalm xlv., 17.

Victoria's **I**nheritance ! **C**rowned **T**riumphant **O**ur *Regina*, *Imperiatus*, *August*.

Always **A**pproved **H**eartily **L**oyal **B**rittannia **A**ffectionate **M**emories **B** e a **R**
Indescribable **A**mbitious **E**ver **A**spiring **A**ttaining **D**ivine **G**race **I**ntellectually
Delivering **L**oving **E**xact **O**ration **E**nkindling **L**ongevous **R**e - e c h **O**
Causing **L**oyalty **D**evotion **L**ove **R**enown **U**rbanity **E**ssential **R**eflecting
Eminent **L**ovable **U**nassuming **A**lbert **E**xemplary **A**ffable **I**nfluentialY
Throughout **B**almoral **W**indsor **F**raternizing **T**hrongs **N**umberless **O**bvious **O**pulence
Lavished **I**mpartially **E**ndowing **I**nspiring **T**ranscendent **X**enium **T** e t r a p l **A**
Obligating **E**ffective **A**mbassador **R**easure **H**armonious **C**oncordance **R**egarding **T**hy
Authenicity **N**oted **S**overeign **R**eigned **A**utocratically **R**esolved **I** n t e r n a **L**
Remarkably **R**eligious **R**evered **E**ventually **U**biquitous **A**lmighty **G**od **C**ommissioned
Immortal **C**onductor **A**nnunciate **E**ternity **I**nvisible **N**evertheless **S** e n t i e n **T**
Inspiring **T**hy **D**eparture **D**elightful **R**elinquishing **N**arration **E**nchanting **I**nvitation
De but **E**xhilarating **Ce**lestially **Dra**wn **Y**onder **H** e a v e n l **Y**

Amidst **I**ndefinable **R**ejoicing ! **O**btained **T**hy **C**rown, **I**mmortal **V**ictoria.

A Medley.

Necessary so through my desire to have the initial letters of our departed, beloved **QUEEN VICTORIA'S** name forming the square within which is, in acrostic, the name of His Most Gracious Majesty, KING EDWARD, and that of other Members of our British Royalty.

To-day we are in sorrow! and people of other nations sorrow with us! for the departure of this "Woman Greatly Beloved," whose Godly living was an inspiration,—and at all times an exampler to rulers and subjects of all nations alike.

In this Medley I have endeavoured to give, within a small area, what our revered Queen has been to her people since the time Her Most Gracious Majesty received her "Earthly Crown," until this day when she has received the promised "Crown of Life."

While she reigned over us we loved her as we could none other; now that she is taken up yonder, we will treasure in our sweetest memory all that Her Majesty was to us, until we too are called hence to see her, and be with her where she now is,—"With Christ, which is far better."

By one of Her (late) Gracious Majesty's Loyal Highland Subjects.

S.S. "Sarmatian," Harbour of Boston, Mass., U.S.A.,
January, 1900.

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A Memory

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[illegible] name of His M[illegible] and that

[illegible] sorrow [illegible]

[illegible] and at all [illegible]

[illegible] Medley I [illegible]

[illegible] the time [illegible]

[illegible] promised "C[illegible]

[illegible] reigned over [illegible] none of [illegible] [illegible] we will

treasure [illegible] sweetest memory [illegible] to us, until [illegible] see her, and be

with her w[illegible] e now is, "Wi[illegible] er."

By one of [illegible] [illegible]'s Loyal H[illegible]

S. S. "Scotian" Harbour of Boston, V[illegible]
January, 1900.

Ode to my Wife.

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord."—Prov. xviii., 22.

A year ago, this happy day,
  Oh, how my heart was thrilled
With gladness, when I saw the way
  Old time's wish was fulfilled.
Yes, dreams of youth were realised,
  In God's good time and place;
Dear Mary! ken ye how I prized
  That sight of thy sweet face?

"Whom God doth join!" ye know it dear,
  He joined us both at heart;
In childhood days, since then each year,
  Watch'd 'tween us when apart.
Oh, happy were our youthful days,
  When we went hand-in-hand;
Through wood and glade, and sang the lays
  Of our dear native land.

At morning, noon, and evening calm,
  How charming was that place?
Where father's prayer, and mother's psalm,
  Ascended with true grace.
Companions young, and neighbours old—
  How sweet to see them come?
So welcom'd were yon legends told,
  Around our cottage home.

How soothing for us now, when we
  Recall those scenes "Lang Syne?"
But sweetest of all thoughts to me,
  Is this, that ye are mine;
Mine own to fondle and caress,
  And tend with loving care;
Best of all gifts that I possess,
  Art thou beloved fair.

What tho' my sailing o'er the deep,
  Might fine thee oft' alone?
God planned our union, and shall keep
  Thee safely while am gone.
Until I come to roam no more,
  Nor wander from thy side;
But then as now, on sea or shore,
  May He with us abide.

While life shall last—wife of my heart,
  I'll love and honour thee,
And bless the day that God did bring
  My Mary back to me.
Companion of my youthful days!
  Lov'd wife in after years!
We'll bless Him that He plann'd our ways!
  When Christ our Lord appears.

The anniversary of Sabbath, 29th June, 1902, our first meeting for over twenty-seven years.

At sea, 28/6/03.

Eternal Joy.

"Everlasting joy shall be on their head."—Isaiah li., 11.

What though, old Satan, tries my heart?
  I know, Jesus is mine!
And stronger He, than my fierce foe,
  Tho' all his host combine;
Christ's stronger, stronger, stronger, than my foe,
  Yes, Christ's stronger, and He'll not let me go.

Old Satan, now would fain persuade,
  This joy must end with time!
"But I know best," Christ said to me;
  Eternal life is thine,
Christ said it, said it, all to Him I owe,
  Yes, Christ said it, and He'll not let me go.

Tho' sin may rage against my soul,
  It won't find there its shrine;
Then when my sands of time are run,
  Eternal joys are mine!
Christ tells me it, tells me it—bids me shine,
  Yes, Christ tells me—eternal joys are mine.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 29/6/03.

Till my Change Comes.

Job xiv., 14.

Air—"We'll work till Jesus comes."

My change will come, I know not when,
  Nor would I ask to know,
Since Jesus waits beyond my ken,
  Why should I fear to go.

  I'll wait until He comes,
  I'll wait until He comes,
  I'll wait until He comes,
  Then He will take me home,

My change will come, till then I'll work,
  At what He gives to do;
And think how He Himself hath said,
  "The labourers are few."

  Chorus—I'll wait until He comes, etc.

For Him I'll work, with right goodwill,
  Wherever I may be—
At home, abroad—nor rest until,
  I cross that narrow sea.

  Chorus—I'll wait until He comes, etc.

Tho' storms may toss my barque awhile,
  I have the Pilot sure,
And He will bring me safe to port,
  When life's brief voyage is o'er.

Chorus—I'll wait until He comes, etc.

Then, when I reach that happy shore,
  How sweet it all must be?
To meet those loved ones gone before,
  All waiting there for me.

Chorus—I'll wait until He comes, etc.

I'll wait until my change will come!
  A glorious change 'twill be,
When I shall see Him face to face,
  My Lord, who died for me.

I'll go then when He comes,
I'll go then when He comes,
I'll go then when He comes,
And dwell with Him at home.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 5/7/03

The Intimation and a Voice from Heaven.

"At 53 Elgin Terrace, Partick, on the 2nd August, 1903, JANETTA ISABEL, aged 21 years, daughter of Rev. John J. MacLean, St. Columba Free Gaelic Church, Govan. Friends please accept of this, the only intimation."

Sorrowful were our hearts, and tears bedimmed our eyes, when we read in the morning paper—the above intimation. For several months past, many were the anxious enquiries made, and fervent were the prayers which were offered by her numerous friends on behalf of this lovely young daughter—when laid aside within her much respected and Christian home—who became the dearly beloved of all whose pleasant privilege it had been to have met with her, whether in the home circle or out amongst her companions. She ever and anon displayed the same bright amiable, gentle, soul-inspiring disposition, which never failed to attract everyone. To know her either for long or little, was to love her, and be remembered ever after as one's very own near and dear friend. But wae's me! much as we loved her, we had to let her go! She had watched the peaceful departure of her own beloved mother, young sisters, and brothers, when they were exchanging the Christian home of the earthly and reverend father, for the glorious mansions of the Father in Heaven. How little we thought that she, too, would very soon follow, even when she was suddenly laid aside, we wished it were to be but for a little. All was done in the hope that life would linger, but while loved ones watched and hoped, 'twas all in vain, for already the summons came, and she, whose departure we would fain have delayed was taken away from amongst us, leaving an empty pew in her father's church, and one more vacant chair in his home; but her place is now filled in Heaven from whence her bright soul thus speaks to us, who are still down here in the valley of tears.

A Voice from Heaven.

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isaiah xxxv., 10.

Oh my loved ones of former years,
  Whom I left in that world below,
How tender and kind you have been,
  Ah! ye wished not that I should go,
For ye said I was young in years,
  And life's pleasures seem'd yet to come,
Ye tried to keep me there longer,
  But my Saviour called me home.

Your tears fast fell on my pillow,
  While ye gazed at my sick-worn face,
Your prayers, fervently offered—
  Ascended to the throne of grace.
And though God the Father heard them,
He said, I must leave thee and come—
  Over the river of Jordan,
That my labour on earth was done.

I never dreaded the journey,
  For I knew He would hold my hand,
And would guide me through the valley,
  Away to Emmanuel's land.
And when his last messenger came,
  To take me away to His rest,
His rod and His staff did comfort,
  While I leant my head on His breast.

I grieved at leaving my father,
  Ever tender-hearted and kind;
Upon me his love he lavished,
  Oh, how could I leave him behind?
But he said—"Think of yon Other,
  Who parted with His only Son,"
And we, at this hour, my daughter,
  Will say, "Father, Thy will be done."

My loved ones! ye stood around me,
  Tho' my struggles were at an end,
When "the silver cord was broken,"
  And was given what God did lend.
Then through death's valley I hastened,
  Borne away by the white-winged throng,
Chanting a heavenly chorus—
  "The Lamb," was the theme of our song.

How swiftly we did speed upward,
  There was nothing could mar our flight,
It seemed but a moment of time,
  Since death spread its veil o'er my sight.
Till I found myself beyond the clouds,
  And within Heaven's pearly gate,
Welcomed by my Saviour blest,
  And the loved ones who long did wait.

How lovely this palace of God,
  It is never darkened by night;
The Lamb in the midst of the throne,
  Is the source of its love and light.
My mother's sweet form stands near Him,
  She loved Him so much when below,
That she hath a place by His side,
  With my sisters and brothers too.

But Oh, the voice of the ransomed,
  As they stand around Him and sing
Of the precious blood that bought them,
  Is the theme that they always bring.
Amongst the bright ones are singing—
  Companions whom I had down there,
And tho' they sang sweetly on earth,
  Far more sweetly they sing up here.

I oft heard dear father preaching
  Of the beautiful streets of gold,
Away in the New Jerusalem,
  Oh, sweetly the story was told
By him to whom it was given,
  To tell about Christ and His fold;
Alluring my soul t'wards Heaven,
  Where the people never grow old.

They are here of every nation,
  The people which the world did slight;
Earth's rich and poor ones here mingle,
  Wearing crowns, and bright robes of white.
Prophets, and the martyrs faithful,
  And legions, with angels so bright,
But Oh, the loveliest amongst them
  Is Jesus, in His robe of Light.

Here is everlasting glory!
  Of its joys there's no tongue can tell,
But my friends, whom I always loved,
  Ye'll come hither to where I dwell.
Keep always looking to Jesus,
  Whate'er in the world there betide;
He'll lead you o'er crag and torrent,
  And safely to Heaven He'll guide.

Your names are down in God's record,
  They were written by His own hand,
And we, your old friends, are waiting
  Till ye join us in this bright land,
Where there is never a sorrow,
  God wiped every tear from our eyes;
Dear friends, may you all soon follow,
  To this home here above the skies.

Oh, companions of youthful days,
  You are still being tempest toss'd;
But your voyage will soon be ended,
  Life's brief ocean will soon be cross'd.
Look well ahead to your Pilot,
  He'll guide you till storms are past,
I'll meet you here in the morning,
  When you gain the haven at last.

My own dear and loving father,
  I'll be waiting up here for thee;
'Twas sorrow at time of parting!
  But joyful our meeting shall be,
Where death can never more sever,
  And the eyesight never grow dim;
All who made Jesus their Refuge,
  Will be safe for ever with Him.

There are none absent who trusted,
  And believed in His saving grace;
But ah! where are those who doubted?
  Not one can I see in this place.
Tho' some left earth long before me,
  I search for them long, but in vain!
Oh, to think they missing should be,
  And I must not see them again,

You ask if I still remember,
  My old friends that down there remain?
Ah, yes! each one of their number,
  Is a link in love's golden chain,
Binding the souls that are kindred—
  Holding them in memory's sphere,
Tho' time their coming hath hindered,
  They are sweetly remembered here.

Now, God be with you, my lov'd ones,
  You must hear my voice there no more,
Until earth's toiling is over
  And you land on this happy shore.
The Holy Spirit be with you,
  The Comforter, Jesus, sent down;
Till He calls you in the morning,
  To receive your bright robe and crown.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
On the Clyde. 3/8/03.

Little Jessie's Morning Prayer.

"I know that Thou hearest me always."—John xi., 42.

Jesus Shepherd! Thou didst hear me!
When to Thee I prayed last night,
Tho' the night was dark and dreary,
Here I'm safe at morning light.

All my sins Thou hast forgiven,
And hast kept me from all harm;
But this morn again I ask Thee,
To uphold me with Thine arm.

Tho' surrounded with rich blessings,
All which comes from Thine own hand,
May I ever have Thee near me,
While I'm pilgrim in this land.

O'er each step through this life's pasture,
'Mongst lov'd friends, or when alone,
In clear day-light, or night's darkness,
Jesus Shepherd! Lead me on.

Till at last when we are gathered
In that blessed fold above,
Then I'll give Thee, gentle Shepherd,
Praise for all Thy care and love.

Dedicated to my dear little neice, Jessie M'Intyre, Loch Awe, Argyllshire.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 18/8/08.

The Saint's Rest.

"This is not your rest."—Micah ii., 10.

In the ladies' cabin several of our passengers were comfortably seated watching the sun going down beyond the distant horizon, leaving us all alone in the gloaming, while it hastened on its journey to shine upon the far away shores of Canada, towards which our good old ship is speeding—thus bringing us nearer to yonder desired haven where kind-hearted friends await to greet us as they were wont. Shades of evening bow down as we listen to the awe-inspiring murmur of the great Atlantic waves breaking around our floating home. Raising our eyes for a time to take a glimpse at the spangled heavens—above where worlds of light seem to dance and twinkle, the sublimity of our surroundings carried our thoughts away far, far beyond yon revolving planets, yes, to their, and our Creator, who holdeth those there, as He doth hold us here, in the hollow of His own gracious hand.

The solemnity of the scene, and impressiveness of our conversation, caused one of the ladies—Mrs Frank Bishop, of Brantford, Ontario, Canada—to make the pleasant remark, that we should call the ladies' cabin, the "Saint's Rest." This remarkably pleasant remark made, we think, if each one present felt the same peace giving comfort of soul that the speaker possessed and enjoyed, we might readily call the snug little cabin by this new and graceful name, then how delightful it would be to enter thereafter, and hold conversation with those within? People with whom we should expect to meet in the true "Saint's Rest" after this tabernacle has been desolved, and we shall have risen in His likeness, to be for ever with Him where He is. We, who believe in Him, are His saints, but there is no real rest for us until He shall call us home, and He is surely coming. Till then, let us be up and doing in His own great name.

Tune—"Missionary," 7, 6.

The "Saint's Rest" is in Heaven!
  There is no "Saint's Rest" here,
'Mongst scenes of tribulation,
  Perplexing doubt, and fear,
Where man 'gainst man is striving
  Each day for worldly gain,
Forgetting God the Father,
  Doth all their need sustain.

Amidst this world's vain rattle,
  No rest my soul would crave ;
But forward in the battle,
  I would be, and right brave.
A loyal standard-bearer,
  Upholding the true cause—
Of Christ, to bring Him nearer
  To them who hate His laws.

Oh, in His strength I'll triumph
  O'er sin, the day is done—
Tho' not in ease and comfort
  The victory is won ;
But in His name most glorious,
  I'll tell each wandering one,
The "Saint's Rest" is prepared now,
  If they would only come.

Ye Saints now on your journey
  To that sweet "Rest" above,
Tell out "The old, old story,"
  Sing of that wondrous love,
Of Him who died on Calv'ry,
  Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord,
We who are now His pilgrims,
  Find comfort in His Word.

To Mrs FRANK BISHOP.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean."

Thursday Evening,
At sea, 20/8/03.

God's Highway.

"An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, Thy way of holiness."—Isaiah xxxv., 8.

Oh, wonderous being, mortal man!
  What changes his brief days doth span,
All from the cradle to the grave,
  On life's highway, where sin enslave.

What varied paths would 'lure him from,
  That road o'er which our Lord has gone,
Tho' straight and narrow seeems its head,
  'Tis better far, since Christ hath led.

Sooner would I walk with my Lord,
  Whichever way He would me lead,
Than with the lovers of this world—
  Who journey not t'ward where He plead,

Yet as I travel day by day,
  Oh, help me let my light forth shine,
That all who see shall turn and say,
  We'll also worship at God's shrine.

God's Highway! Christ commends to all,
  The surest, safest, and the best,
Where at the end, we'll hear Him call,
  "Come into my eternal rest."

At sea, 23/8/03.

His Loving Kindness.

"Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."—Ps. lxiii., 3.

His loving kindness surround me,
  When earth's troubles come to abide,
Weary would have been my journey,
  If I had not made Him my guide.
From childhood—'twas He that led me
  Through all changes in this world here,
And never sent me a burden,
  Which He did not help me to bear.

His loving kindness this morning,
  Is nearer than before,
The older in this world growing!
  The sooner the sight of yon shore—
Where clouds can never o'ershadow
  The loveliness of His own face;
Oh, the sweetness of this promise!
  Now fufillled by His daily grace.

His loving kindness and mercy—
  Is power, as old age appears,
Giving myself and companion,
  A sweet union of good long years.
And now, that we the old and feeble,
  We dread not whatever's to come;
Our children delight to keep us
  In comfort, till He calls us home.

His loving kindness surround us!
  We know that it shall till the last,
For now it is towards evening,
  And the shadows will soon be past.
Jesus, who died on Calvary,
  And suffered so much for our sake;
Will keep us throughout the journey,
  Till in His likeness we'll awake.

"His loving kindness surround me, and I am willing to bear it all for His sake, whatever trouble the world may send me from day to day."

Those were the touching remarks made by my revered friend, Mrs A. Bird, who with her husband are returning to spend the remainder of their days with their family at St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A. To-day, my old friend is laid aside in sickness, while others are running around, enjoying the varied and beautiful scenes near us. She with great faith and calm trust, seems already looking into, and enjoying views of the unchanging and glorious scenes of the lovely beyond. I thought as I spoke, and heard her lovely answer, how sweet to the weary wanderer, a glimpse of His own sweet home.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Gulf of St. Lawrence. 25/8/03

———:o:———

An Acrostic.

J oseph! my Israel's God thee guide,
O h, let my soul in Him confide,
S earch in His word and learn His way,
E ver do ye His will obey,
P eace He will give while life shall last,
H e'll take you home when life is past.

To my Dear Nephew JOSEPH.

25 Park Drive South,
Whiteinch, Glasgow. 5/6/04.

To a Departed Comrade.

IN FOND REMEMBRANCE

OF

MY DEAR COMRADE AND FRIEND,

BYRON G. McNAB,

Late of PETITE COTE, MONTREAL, CANADA,

Who departed from his earthly home, Terra Haute, State of Indiana, America, at noon, Tuesday, 4th August 1903.

Aged 24 years and 8 months.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—
2 Samuel xii., 23.

Oh, take me down to Indiana,
Where the Wabash peacefully flows;
Leave me by the banks of that river,
Where my comrade's in deep repose!
All the lovely words he had spoken,
I would silently then recall,
When standing alone by his graveside,
At twilight when the shadows fall.

Deep sorrow has lodged in my bosom!
Since they brought the sad news to me!
That ye my dear friend had departed,
And crossed over life's narrow sea.
But the Captain of our salvation,
Hath full command of each frail barque;
He pilots us into the haven,
When its time to disembark.

Thy parents, aunt, sisters, and brother,
  All sorrow that ye are away!
But oft as they speak of thy trouble,
  And thy suffering from day to day.
How much to them the consolation,
  To see thee till the very last—
Showing by thy calm resignation,
  That on Jesus, thy hope was cast.

Thou wert but young in years, my comrade,
  Yet numerous thy friends have been,
But above them all, ye put forward—
  Thy great love for the Friend unseen.
I shall always sweetly remember—
  When ye cross'd the ocean with me,
Your talk of Heaven, and meeting friends
  At last, when there is no more sea.

Ye have gained the Fair Haven, my comrade,
  Thy bright soul has taken its flight;
To be home with Jesus in glory,
  In the mansions of Love and Light.
And we, who are still on our journey,
  Will also look well to our Guide;
Following along in His footsteps,
  Till He calls us at evening tide.

Why should I so mourn that you're taken?
  For I'll meet thee without delay!
When I furl my sail and cast anchor
  In that same calm, and tranquil bay.
By that golden shore, in the morning—
  Yes, in fair Emmanuel's Land;
Oh, I'll meet you in that blest harbour,
  And take hold of your friendly hand.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 6/9/03.

Yon Clear Light.

Out on the ocean, homeward bound,
When raging waves thy barque surround,
Sailor, have faith, tho' dark the night,
Look right ahead for yon clear Light.

Sailor, remember, Christ is nigh!
Lovingly saying, "It is I—
Be not afraid"—no storms can blight,
Look right ahead for yon clear Light.

Steer by the chart and compass true,
Though Moon and Stars are lost to view,
And surges swell in all their might,
Look right ahead for yon clear Light.

Dread neither sunken rock nor reef!
Steer thy true course, avoiding grief,
Yon harbour bar you soon shall sight.
Look right ahead for yon clear Light.

Remember aye! Ye're homeward bound!
Set every sail till you have found
Sight of thy home where all is bright,
Look right ahead for yon clear Light.

Till night is gone, thy storms all past!
Thy sails all furl'd and anchor cast!
Oh, Sailor brave, keep Him in sight,
He'll guide you in by His clear Light.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 11/10/03.

Non Clear Light

DUNCAN M'INTOSH. "WESTHALL" Rev. ALEX. T. MACINTOSH.

KEY C.

m	:m	m	.m	:	.m	f	:f	m	:—	d'	:d'	.t	l	:	.s	f	:f	m	:—
d	:d	d	.d	:-	.d	l_1	:t_1	d	:-	m	:m	.s	f		.m	l_1	:t_1	d	:—
s	:s	s	.s	:-	.s	l	:l	s	:—	s	:s	.m	l	:-	.s	f	:l	s	:—
d	:d	d	.d	:-	.d	f	:r	d	:	d	:d	.s_1	f	:-	.s	f	:f_1	d	:—

d'	r .t	d'	:- .l	d'	:t .l	s	:—	s	:l .t	d'	:- .f	m'	:r'	d'	:
m	f .r	m	:- .f	l	:s .f	m	:—	m	:f .r	m	:- .l	s	:s .f	m'	:-
s	l .t	d'	:- .l	f	:m .l	s	:—	s	:f .s	s	:- .l	s	:t	d'	:
d	.f s	d	: .f	f	:s	d	.—	d	:f_1 .s_1	d	:- .f_1	s_1	:s_1	d	:-

[illegible] Clear Light.

[illegible] the deep, [illegible] around,
[illegible] waves [illegible]
[illegible] earth, [illegible]
[illegible] right ahead for you clear Light.

[illegible], remember, Christ is nigh!
[illegible]mely saying, "It is I—
[illegible] not afraid"—no storms can blight
Look right ahead for you clear Light.

Steer by the chart and compass [illegible]
Though Moon and Stars [illegible] to view,
And surges swell in [illegible]
Look right ahead [illegible] Light.

Dread neither [illegible] nor reef!
Steer thy [illegible] sighing grief,
[illegible] soon shall shine
Look [illegible] yon clear Light.

[illegible] Ye're homeward [illegible]
[illegible] will you have [illegible]
[illegible] home where [illegible]
[illegible] ahead for [illegible] Light.

[illegible] is [illegible] all past!
[illegible] anchor cast
[illegible] Him in sight,
He [illegible] His clear Light.

[illegible] Author, [illegible]

Yon Clear Light

DUNCAN M'INTOSH. "WESTHALL" Rev. ALEX. T. MACINTOSH.

KEY C.

m	:m	m .m	:- .m	f	:f	m	:—	d'	:d' .t	l	:- .s	f	:f	m	:—
d	:d	d .d	:- .d	l_1	:t_1	d	:—	m	:m .s	f	:- .m	l_1	:t_1	d	:—
s	:s	s .s	:- .s	l	:l	s	:—	s	:s .m	l	:- .s	f	:l	s	:—
d	:d	d .d	:- .d	f	:r	d	:—	d	:d .s_1	f_1	:- .s_1	f_1	:f_1	d	:—

d'	:r' .t	d'	:- .l	d'	:t .l	s	:—	s	:l .t	d'	:- .f'	m'	:r'	d'	:—
m	:f .r	m	:- .f	l	:s .f	m	:—	m	:f .r	m	:- .l	s	:s .f	m'	:—
s	:l .t	d'	:- .l	f	:m .l	s	:—	s	:f .s	s	:- .l	s	:t	d'	:—
d	:f .s	d	:- .f_1	f_1	:s_1	d	:—	d	:f_1 .s_1	d	:- .f_1	s_1	:s_1	d	:—

"For Whom?"

John xvii., 9.

Not for the world, but these,
  Father, whom Thou hast given,
I pray that Thou might keep them safe,
  Till they are home in Heaven.

Thou gavest them to me,
  I kept them in Thy name,
While I was with them in this world,
  Till time of parting came.

When parting! Well I knew
  The Comforter would come,
And dwell with them, my chosen few,
  Tho' I was going home.

'Twas thus my Lord did pray,
  "Not for the world, but these—
Who did believe, when He did say,
  In Him they would have peace."

The Comforter hath come,
  And set our soul at ease,
Blest be the work that Christ has done—
  "Not for the world—but these."

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." Atlantic Ocean, 20/9/03.

A Tribute to the Memory

OF

DONALD FLEMING,

Who met with a fatal accident on board the s.s. "Sophocles," 28th July, 1903, at Cape Town, South Africa, and was buried there. Aged 28 years.

The above was a son of Mr Peter Fleming, Tayvallich, Argyllshire.

"He bringeth them into the desired haven."—Psalm cvii., 30.

'Twas not 'mongst heath-bells and myrtle,
  On the moor near his Highland home,
They laid our Donald to rest still,
  When his labours and task were done.
What tho' his young footsteps roamed far?
  All these were to him most dear,
Where he wander'd in childhood days,
  He would fain have his last rest near.

The swallow will come back again
  To his wonted place in the eaves,
But Donald will never return
  To the Glen! From beyond the seas!
Still, here we watch at the window,
  As if we should see through the glade,
Again, our loved one appearing,
  Tho' alas! We're told, "he is dead!"

You may never tell us—"he's dead!"
  Our Donald! His lovely bright soul
Shall live where his Saviour led,
  After ages have ceas'd to roll.
Our Donald! our dear young sailor,
  Hath landed on the further shore;
There his barque is safely anchored,
  He will sail the wild seas no more,

When we'll see the great ships sailing,
  Or we see the same on record,
We'll mingle our wishes and prayers,
  For the safety of all on board.
Same as we did for our Donald,
  And his shipmates who sail'd with him,
That God commanding the tumult,
  Might favour and watch over them.

Why mourn we, if 'side the stranger,
  Our dear Donald is laid to sleep?
In the grave there is no danger,
  And he'll rise again, not to weep!
When Jesus, his Captain, will come
  To call him from where he's been kept,
"All's well," he'll respond from yonder,
  As if rising where kinsmen slept.

Sleep on, and rest thee, dear Donald,
  Bright angels watch over thy tomb,
Tho' we mourn for thee, we'll follow,
  When the trumpet at last shall sound.
Then we, too, shall see our Captain,
  When we anchor in that calm bay,
Beyond these shadows and sorrows,
  On the shore of eternal day.

At sea, 24/10/03.

Invited.

"All things are ready, come!"—Matthew xxii., 4.

All things are ready, come!"
The Lord thus spoke to me,
I heard His precious voice, and came—
All time His guest to be.

I found it as He said,
All things were so complete;
Rich viands on His table laid,
And all of fragrance sweet.

The robe, and sandals both,
Likewise the promised ring—
Were ready—but each hour disclosed
How little I did bring.

Bless'd be His loving voice,
Which bade the wanderer "come."
Oh, how did He, make me His choice?
And fit me for His home.

My soul! in Christ confide,
Tho' this frail frame grows old;
He'll bear thee safe to yonder side,
To walk the streets of gold.

Then in yon land we'll meet,
Beyond all clouds and gloom,
When He at last these words repeat—
"All things are ready, come!"

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 27/9/03.

Grannie's Grave.

"Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep."

The following lines were written on receipt of a pictorial post card, on which is a view of old Grey Friars Church, and Burial Ground, Stirling. My late aunt Jane—Mrs Wm. Mitchell, was laid to rest quite close to the east side of the above church, which sacred spot is shown on the post card, so kindly sent to me by the said auntie's granddaughter, Jeanie Page, who had that portion of the card, marked with the cross and the words: "Grannie's Grave." The cross and remark recalled to my mind many sweet incidents in connection with dear "Grannie"—as most people called her—and with other dear friends at Stirling, and, more especially, my last visit to Grannie's grave:—

Friends! this postal card and picture,
  Waken memories of long ago,
May God bless the hand that sent it,
  Tho' its "remark" caused tears to flow!
And its "cross" my soul did inspire
  To think, as I thought of the brave,
Whose tombs I saw round Grey Friars,
  My last visit to Grannie's grave.

The wide ocean roll between me
  And that mound, near the Lady's Rock,
But that night in fancy I see!
  I seem to hear the old tower clock.
As I heard it that calm evening,
  When I passed by each silent plot,
Down towards the old Grey Friars,
  By which side is that sacred spot.

The heaven's far sparkling diamonds
  Cast their rays o'er each written page;
Deep chiselled in polished marble,
  Doing honour to youth and age.
Some, whom for their faith died martyrs,
  Covenanters who gladly gave
Their lives for Christ's sake—are resting
  'Neath these mounds, round dear Grannie's grave.

There's the grave of "Henry Drummond,"
  So worthy of its graceful cross,
Tho' he travelled this world over—
  Its riches to him were but dross.
Since "the greatest thing in the world,"
  Is only from Heaven received;
'Twas thus he ever looked upward—
  For "he knew in whom he believed."

Side his grave I fain would linger,
  For I loved his doings right well!
"He was great and yet so humble,"
  This I heard Grannie often tell.
Little thought I as she told it
  That all time their graves would append,
Till the dawning of the morning,
  When they'll rise to see Him descend.

Ah, there is the narrow chamber,
  Where they laid her down for her rest!
By the side of little Margaret,
  Whom she loved here—now yonder bless'd.
To them bright angels are showing
  Shores—which times waves cannot lave—
Oh, my friends, how tears came flowing,
  That last night at dear Grannie's grave.

I thought of her kindly visage,
  When inviting me soon to come—
And the love she always cherished,
  For her far-away Highland home.
Its language in which she first learned
  How Jesus came down for to save,
Was the same in which I communed
  With our Father, at Grannie's grave.

How often? when all was silent,
  We've seen Grannie taking her stand,
As the dew fell in the twilight,
  There with a bairnie by the hand,
To whom she'd speak just in whispers,
  When yonder outside the old nave,
Some day, when this spot you'll visit
  You will call it your Grannie's grave.

Since my first visit to Stirling,
  Ah, what changes all we have seen?
Kind hearts beloved, and befriending,
  Are down beneath those mounds of green.
Voices which rang out our welcome!
  To hear them again? I did crave!
But in vain for these I listened,
  While I stood at dear Grannie's grave.

This card I'll keep as a treasure!
  Reminder of sender and scene;
When far across seas I'll wander,
  I'll ever recall what has been!
Distance can never blight friendship!
  That flame is not quenched by the wave!
Wherever God's hand shall lead me,
  I'll aye think of dear Grannie's grave.

Dear Grannie! time is not lasting,
  For while I stand here by thy side—
My own last moment is hastening
  When He'll call me at even'g tide.
He'll return again to wake me,
  May be out of some ocean cave;
But when that morning I'll meet thee,
  'Twill be far beyond Grannie's grave.

S.S. Buenos Ayrean,"
At Boston, Mass., U.S.A. **30/10/03.**

———:o:———

An Acrostic.

"O grave, where is thy victory?"—1 Cor xv., 55.

———

H arriet! Here is thy last rest
I n sleep, beneath this mantle green,
L ov'd hands have planted o'er the breast,
L illies and flow'rs of sweetest sheen.
S leep on dear friend, thy rest now take,
I n Jesus' likeness ye'll awake,
D ear ones will tend this hallowed place,
E ver recalling thy sweet grace.

C elestial is thy soul's bright home,
E ver with Christ, "Till He will come,"
M ay we like thee, Him also find,
E ternal Friend, and loving Guide.
T hen when He comes on that great day,
E ach of His own to call away,
R eunion will take place above
Y onder in Heaven, where all is love.

AT HARRIET'S GRAVE, HILLSIDE CEMETERY.

Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A. **3/4/04.**

In Loving Memory

OF

HARRIET S. MACKINNON,

Who fell asleep, Friday morning, 21st August, 1903, at 2863 Howard Street, Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A

"Let me sleep . . . I'll awaken in His likeness"

Oh, sad were we at summer's close,
To see the flower of our home—
Laid down to fade, but she did choose—
To leave the world for Heaven's bloom.

Dear Harriet, her mellow voice
Had often caused souls to rejoice!
But over these, her parting words
We'll ponder while we're in this world.

"My time hath come, I must depart,
And leave you in this vale of tears,
The thoughts of parting rend my heart,
But death's cold stream gives me no fears.

"Father and mother, ever dear,
Ye taught me early of His love;
And how some day He would appear
To take me up to Heaven above.

"Sisters and brothers, loved one's all—
You now must hear my voice no more;
'Tis evening, and the shadows fall,
I hear the songs of yonder shore.

"I see the loved ones of past years,
From whose eyes God hath wiped all tears,
But now I lay me down to rest,
My soul reclines on Jesus' breast.

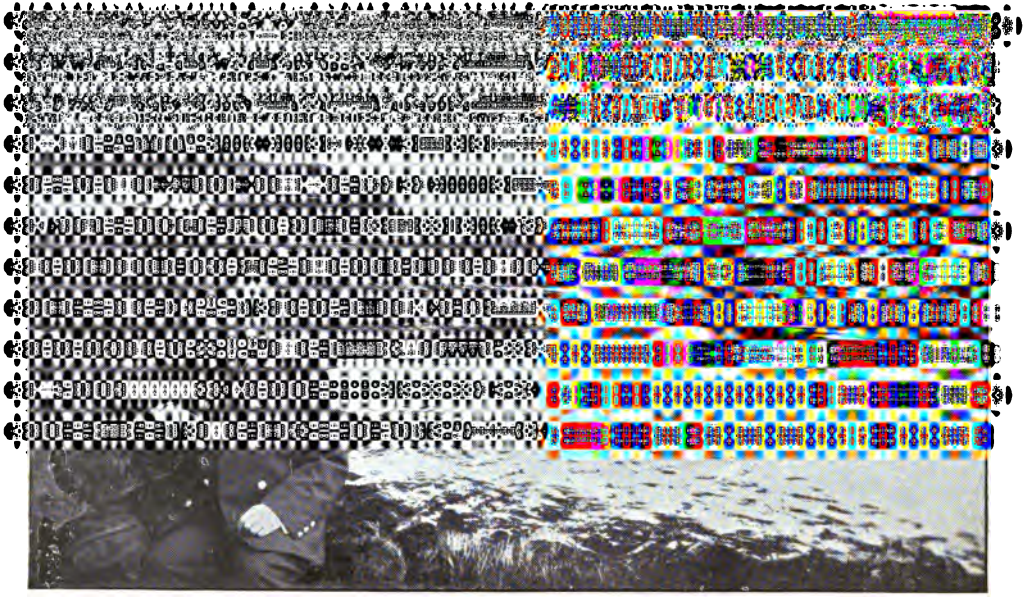
"Dear friends, why won't ye let me sleep?
Since in His likeness I'll awake;
I long to part—why sould ye weep?
Oh, let me go, for His dear sake.

"'Tis His dear voice that calls me home
To that bright land above the sky;
Since my last work on earth is done,
It's best to be with Him on high.

"Should He but leave me longer here,
My voice would always sing His praise;
But now I'll sing in brighter spheres,
That glad new song with saints I'll raise.

"He's come He's come! He bids me sleep,
And rest! but oh, why do ye mourn?
Good night, my loved ones, till we meet,
In His own likeness on that morn."

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 15/1/04



Absent Friends

[illegible]

Where are those friends of [illegible]
Whose happy [illegible]
True hearted, leal, [illegible]
Their fellowship [illegible]

There are [illegible] few now [illegible]
To look [illegible] more, [illegible]
To [illegible] their graves, they [illegible]
[illegible] loss [illegible] their gain

Their ab[illegible]
For we [illegible]
They such sw[illegible]
In happy days [illegible]

Some live, but oh, [illegible]
'Mongst strangers [illegible] home,
And some have gone [illegible] their days
In sailing o'er the foam.

We miss them now, but [illegible]
Our inmost wish and [illegible]
His ways are best, the end will [illegible]
What He, for us, has wrought.

A few short years, we'll meet again
When this life's voyage is past!
The peaceful haven we will gain,
And dwell with them at last.

[illegible] "Buenos Ayres." At sea, 7/[illegible] M.

Absent Friends.

Proverbs xxvii., 9.

Where are those friends of long ago
  Whose happy smiles we miss?
True hearted, leal, we loved them so,
  Their fellowship was bliss.

There are but few now in our home,
  To look for more, 'tis vain!
To call their names, they cannot come!
  But our loss is their gain.

Their absence gives us pain at heart!
  For we do miss them sore!
They such sweet counsel did impart,
  In happy days of yore.

Some live, but oh, so far away,
  'Mongst strangers found a home,
And some have gone to spend their days
  In sailing o'er the foam.

We miss them now, but Jesus knows
  Our inmost wish and thought;
His ways are best, the end will show
  What He, for us, has wrought.

A few short years, we'll meet again
  When this life's voyage is past!
The peaceful haven we will gain,
  And dwell with them at last.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 7/2/04.

God Bless the Prison Visitor.

"Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."—
Zechariah ix., 12.

Air—"Throw out the Life-line."

God bless thy visits to prisoners in chains!
Whose souls immortal, sin fiercely assails!
Speed to each dungeon! tell them there remains—
A friend in that stronghold, whose help never fails.

Go to each dungeon, tell the poor captives,
Jesus can break every chain;
Go to each dungeon, tell of that strongold,
Jesus, the mighty to save.

Halt not, my brother, thy field is the world!
"Go to all nations," 'twas said by our Lord;
Tho' they have fallen, God saith in His Word—
Return to the strongold, which safety afford.

Go to each dungeon, etc.

Tell the poor captives, long absent from home!
Loved ones are longing till they again come:
Bid them take courage, whilst yet there is room,
And turn to the stronghold, where sin cannot doom.

Go to each dungeon, etc.

Their chairs left vacent can never be filled,
  Till they come back to the sad hearts that yearn :
Tears then shall vanish ! and fears shall be stilled !
  When they with firm hope to the stronghold return.

Go to each dungeon, etc.

True blessings of parents, children, and wives,
  Follow thy footsteps, where God thee will guide !
Vis'ting poor captives, whose hopes will revive !
  When told of this stronghold in which they may hide.

Go to each dungeon, etc.

Then when thy journeys of mercy are o'er !
  Sweet then to see them on yonder bright shore :
Those who were captives, all safe in yon fold,
  With Jesus, our Saviour, our Rock, and Stronghold.

Go to each dungeon, etc.

S.S. " Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 6/3/04.

A Parting Wish.

To dear little VERA HELEN KILBURN,
aged 4 months.

"For of such is the Kingdom of God."—Luke xviii., 16.

God bless thy bonnie little face,
'Tis sweetened by its smile of grace;
While crowding years can ne'er efface
The sweetness there, which God did place.

I love to see thee, gentle child,
It cheers my heart, whate'er betide;
Ye banish care, and help to wile
Away the troubles I should chide.

May thy lov'd parents, with thee now,
Remember oft their solemn vow—
That they would teach thee of God's way,
Until ye reach discretion's day

Then after they have played their part,
Be sure ye never shall forget
To honour them, with all thy heart,
And rest assured, ye won't regret.

Wherever in this world ye are,
May thy life's path be free from care;
Have Christ thy Saviour and thy guide—
None perish that in Him confide.

How can I bear to part with thee?
Sweet little bairn, I pray that He
May lead thee safely by His hand,
Until we meet in yon bright land.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 23/3/04.

———:o:———

A Birthday Wish.

———

My friend, on this thy natal day,
Tho' your so very far away,
Let me send these few words of cheer,
Ye ken, full well, they are sincere,
May joy with happiness and mirth,
Be found this day around thy hearth
And many may thy birthdays be,
While ye are sailing o'er life's sea,
Tho' storms might come, look for the calm,
Jesus holds thee in His palm,
Then, oh, be happy till He come,
On that bright morn to take thee home.

TO MISS MINNIE JOHNSTONE, MONTREAL.

At sea, 17/8/04.

Autograph in Acrostic.

S ince you ask'd me to write,
A few short lines I give,
R emember God is Love and Light,
A bide in Him and live.
H e will be with thee aye,

L onely ye cannot be;
O h, think how loving is His way,
U nerring Friend is He.
I nshrine Him in thy heart,
S ecure His peace and love,
E ternal pleasures He'll impart,

M ost Holy, Heavenly Dove.
O ft when thy way seems dark,
O h, never let Him go;
R ight on His promises embark,
H e then His face will show.
O nward, then, in His strength,
U ntil thy tasks are done;
S urely He will have thee at length,
E xalted in His Home.

B eyond these hills of time,
R emoved from earthly care,
A waits for thee a place sublime,
D evinely joys to share.

F ret not tho' far away,
O 'er seas thy loved ones are;
R estored they'll be on that great day,
D oubt not thy Guiding Star.

To Mrs Sarah Louise Moorhouse, Bradford.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 25/3/04.

———:o:———

Birthday Wish.

———

Dear shipmate of the good old times,
To-day I hear thy birthday chimes,
And many, many may you hear—
Of these sweet chimes, they are so dear.
To thee and thine around thy hearth,
Oh, long may ye enjoy such mirth,
With thy beloved, and children sweet,
And God be with you till we meet.

To Dr. Roy, Charlestown, Mass., U.S.A.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean," At sea, 14/8/04.

An Acrostic on the S. P. C. A.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—
Proverbs xii., 10.

O h, let the feelings of thy heart—

B e aye humane wher'er thou art,
E ver let grace take her full part,

E njoy those pleasures she exert.
V oice out thy feelings against wrong,
E nacted by the aged or young.
R emember, friend, it is thy place

K indness to show that He will bless;
I n loving kindness God doth rule,
N ot might but love His plans control!
D epend on it, He'd have thee be

T 'wards all His creatures; same as He.
O pen thine hand, the hungry feed,

A nd gentle be t'wards bird and beast,
N e'r chase, nor hurt, nor do such deed,
I nfer that God cares for the least.
M ortal thou art, and mortal they,
A h, friend, mind ye God's image bear,
L ike Him ye'll last, while they decay,
S o now, deal kindly with them here.

A h, never ye for once forget!
N o mortal man shall e'er regret,
D efend, protect God's creatures all,

B easts, birds, and insects, great and small,
I nflict not any, or destroy.
R emember God doth thee employ—
D omesticate, down here in love.
S ince Love doth rule those realms above,

A ttend with care the wounded one,
N eglect not doing what you can,
D espise them not, nor think it small,

H is eye "doth mark the sparrow's fall."
E ver feel glad that God made thee—
L ast of His creatures, so to be
P rotector of each living thing,

T hat to His name, ye'd glory bring.
S pare not thyself, while ye have strength,
P romoting kindness, till at length,
C hrist Jesus comes to call thee home,
A nnouncing thy kind deeds, "Well done."

O, be ever kind to animals and birds, and help the
S.P.C.A.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Bound for Philadelphia, At sea, 30/3/04.

Easter Acrostic.

"He is not here, for He is risen, as He said."—Matt. xxviii., 6.

U p from the grave our Lord arose,
P lacing His power o'er its repose,
O n Easter morning to declare,
N ot death or hell, could hold him there.

E arly that morning He awoke,
A nd speedily death's bounds He broke,
S ealing the truth all time to come,
T hat o'er the grave He victory won.
E ternal wisdom could not stay,
R eclining in this world's cold clay.

M ighty Conqueror! With one bound
O ut of the grave His freedom found,
R emarkable to all its been!
N ever before the like was seen!
I n seeing Jesus who was dead,
N ow risen up, and breaking bread,
G od glorify Thy risen Son.

C rown Him! exalted on Thy throne!
H elp His redeemed ones on this morn,
R emember how His brow was torn,
I nviting us to His lov'd board,
S ymbol the bread and wine afford,
T he blessed Lord who bowed His head!

A h, how His precious blood was shed!
R emove from us each idle thought,
O h, help us to think how we were bought,
S ouls saved by Him can ne'er be lost,
E mmanuel did pay the cost.

F or Christ so loved our souls that He,
R edeemed them all on Calvary's tree;
O h, may we now the price esteem,
M indful of Him who did redeem.

T he love of Christ! O God, help me,
H erald forth by land and sea,
E ach song and message all be Thine,

D evinely led, the light must shine,
A rise my soul and sing thy lay!
R ing out His praise, this Easter day,
K eep not obscured within thy breast,

G ood things, but give them to the rest.
R ejoice my ransomed soul and sing!
A fitting song to Christ the King,
V anquish vain thoughts this lovely morn,
E ach note of praise be heavenward borne.

A crowning Easter is to come,
M y Lord will call the ransomed home,
E ver to reign with Him above,
N ever to leave that place of love.

Upon Easter morning, Christ rose from the dark grave—Amen.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Philadelphia.

Easter morning, 3/4/04.

One Afflicted.

"The power of the Lord was present to heal them."—
Luke v., 17.

J esus, Thy healing power is near
E ach one who trust in Thee down here,
A nd when the word Thou dost but say,
N o one on earth its power can stay.
N ever a child of time need pine
I n sickness, since that soul is Thine,
E arth's joys may go, but in their place,

P eace comes by Thine abundant grace.
A ffliction comes, but 'tis in love,
G od teaching us to look above;
E ach son of His the cross must bear,

N o child escapes His chastening here.
E nough, O Lord, "Thy will be done,"
I do not dread what is to come;
L ife's cares I'll face without alarm,
L eaning on Thy protecting arm.

S aviour, in Thee my soul shall trust,
T hough this frail frame return to dust,
I n Thine own likeness 'twill arise
R efulgently will be the prize.
L oved ones I'll meet on that bright shore,
I 'll know them all, we'll part no more;
N o sickness there shall we need fear,
G od's gracious hand will wipe the tear,

To Jeanie Page Neill, Stirling.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 18/4/04.

Our Guide, Acrostic.

"He will be our guide."—Psalm xlviii., 14.

W hy should we wander from our home,
I n which we spent such happy days?
L eaving its joys for time to come!
L ord, we believe these are Thy ways.
I ndeed we know there is a Guide,
A sure and steadfast One is He;
M arking our paths whate'er betide,

D evinely led, each hour are we.
R edeemed by His own blood, "'Tis well."
U nder His wings we feel secure;
'M idst thronging duties, we shall tell,
M ighty the arm whose help is sure.
O God, who didst our fathers lead,
N ow we their children trust in Thee
D eliver us from sin, we plead,

N earer Thyself, our souls would be.
O nward we'll go in Thy great name,
R emoved from homes and loved ones far,
I f to Thy glory—'tis the same,
E ver be Thou our guiding star.

To my dear friend William Drummond Norie, Esq.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 9/5/04.

The Traveller's Guide.

"The Lord shall guide thee continually.—Isaiah lviii., 11.

J ehovah is the traveller's guide,
O h, good and kind all times He'll prove,
H is people shall in Him confide,
N ought can from them His help remove.

'M ongst changing scenes He'll hold their hand,
A nd lead them gently as they go,
C alling them forth from every land,

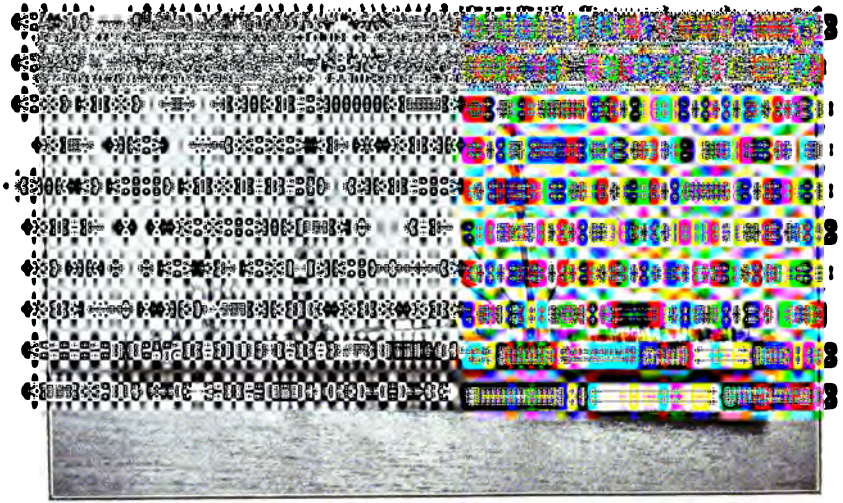
P rotecting them from every foe.
H e will be with them till the last,
A nd then He'll take them to His home,
I know when this brief life is past,
L ord Jesus, Thou will bid me—"Come."

O h, till I see Thee as Thou art,
B lest Lord, help me do well my part,
A nd watchful be until the end,
N or would I rest till I ascend.

L oved ones I'll meet on that bright shore,
O h, blessed thought, we'll part no more,
R ejoice my soul, God's on thy side,
N othing can part thee from thy Guide.

JOHN MACPHAIL, OBAN, LORN—ACROSTIC.

S.S, "Buenos Ayrean,"
Victoria Day. At sea, 24/5/04.



S.S. "Buenos Ayrean."

VERSES EXCHANGED

Safe Trip Over.

Good Ship "[illegible]"

Acrostic.

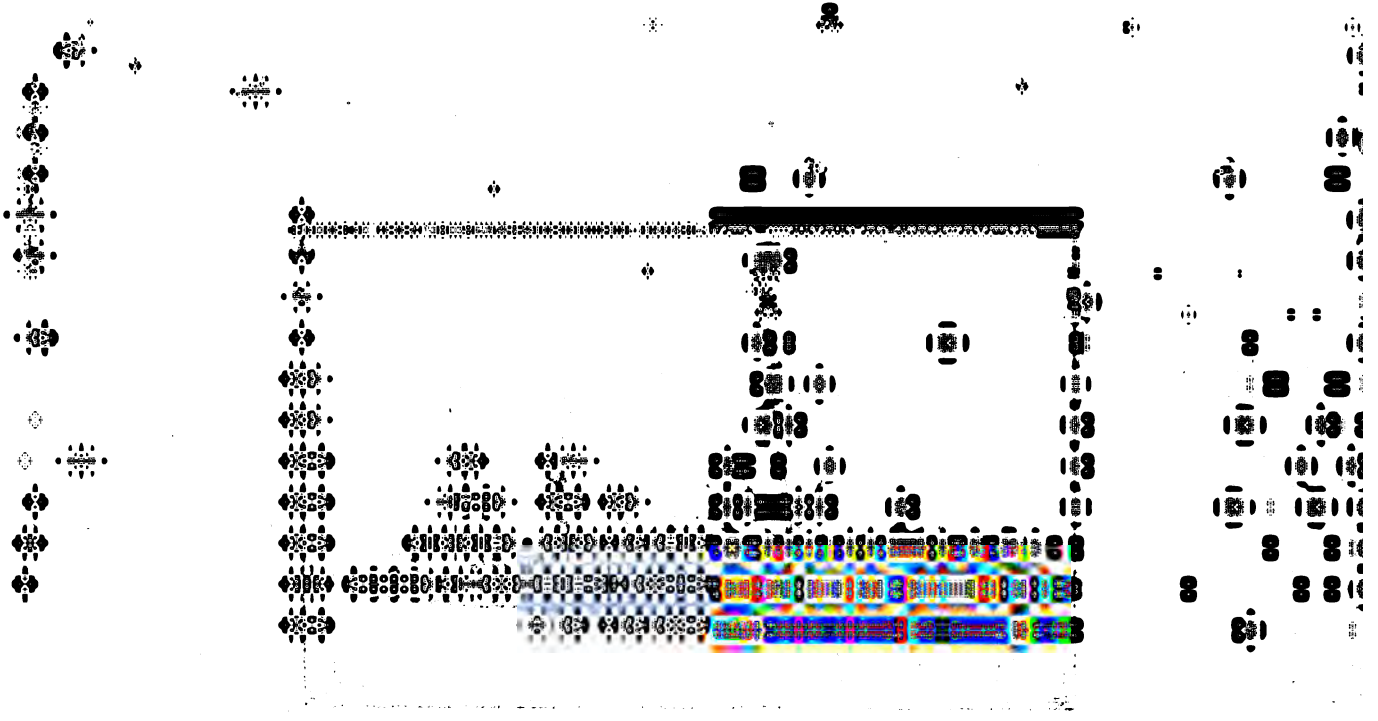
S[illegible]
A[illegible]
F[illegible]
E[illegible]

T[illegible]
R[illegible]
I[illegible]
P[illegible]

O[illegible] as ye leave the wave beat shore,
V[illegible]
E[illegible]
R[illegible]

G[illegible] speed thee onward on thy course,
O[illegible]
O[illegible]
D[illegible]

S[illegible] onward with thy precious freight,
H[illegible]
I[illegible]
P[illegible]



Safe Trip Over,
Good Ship "Buenos Ayrean."

ACROSTIC.

S ail on! sail on! ye gallant ship!
A nd peace be in thy wake!
F ree from the ocean's threatening dip,
E ach journey that ye take.

T ho' stormy waves would overwhelm,
R ough winds shall not prevail,
I n each dread hour He holds the helm,
P eace follows without fail.

O ft' as ye leave the wave beat shore,
V erily there shall be—
E ntreating prayers sent before,
R emoving harm from thee.

G od speed thee onward on thy course,
O ver the ocean wide,
O ut of all storms He'll bring thee forth
D irectly, in His time.

S ail onward with thy precious freight,
H omeward, or outward bound,
I n brightest day, and darkest night,
P rovidence will surround.

B right are the folks whom thou dost take,
U nto the far off shore,
E ach one their boast, of thee dost make,
N ow, as in days of yore
O h, where are all who paced thy decks
S ince ye first sailed the sea?

A h, some are safe from storms and wrecks!
Y ears veer'd them down to lee.
R ight good ye are, ye gallant ship!
E ach of thy crew love thee!
A h, well they know ye will not slip,
N one else could safer be.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
St. John's, Newfoundland. 22/7/04.

Mourning for One Departed.

"God shall wipe away all tears."—Rev. xxi., 4.

"What can I write you through my tears?
  You know earth's chiefest joy is fled,
'Twill be restored in brighter spheres!
  But now the bitter tears I shed.

Oh, why did time so swiftly fly—
  Towards the parting of the way?
Without a shadow o'er our sky,
  To mark the approaching close of day.

Oh, how I miss him from our home!
  Who could be happier than we?
The joy of heav'n with Eden's bloom—
  My loved one ever brought to me.

My loved one? He is gone before,
  To be with Jesus which is best;
I'll meet him on that happy shore,
  In yon bright haven calm and blest.

I love to see his face again,
  But here I'll wait my Saviour's time;
I know His promise is not vain,
  He'll take me to His home sublime.

Tho' friends speak kindly, tears will fall,
  For oh, I'll miss him till the last;
Until I hear my Saviour call,
  Then all our sorrows will be past."

To Mrs James Moulton, Lynn, Mass., U.S.A.

30/5/04

A Highlander's Soliloquy.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove."—Psalm lv., 6.

Oh, were I on yon lovely Isle!
'Twould help these weary hours to wile,
Sight of its hills, and wave-beat shore,
Its purple heaths, and what is more
For me, to use my mother tongue,
'Mongst loving friends, the whole day long.
Within, and round our cottage home,
Oh, how I wish that time would come,
Sweet as it came in days of old?
Not half its pleasures could be told.

The sweetness of lov'd parents' smile,
Their hallowed talk so pure from guile,
Companions too, were ever near,
O how they did our young hearts cheer,
And neighbours blest, tho' old and grey,
Methinks I hear them sing and pray,
Same as they did when I was young,
Raise their sweet voice in Sion's song,
There was a sweetness in each scene—
From mountain top, to valley green.

Even the sadness of the sea
Would thus all times appeal to me,
And listening to the stranded shell,
Its murmur did a story tell,
Just as the lark so far above,
By its sweet notes, told—"God is Love."
Wandering out from early dawn
O'er moorland wild, and flower-clad lawn,
All His creation round us there,
Allured our souls to scenes more fair.

How often then, we did repair
In pensive mood; while lingering there,
Where heroes take their long, long sleep—
'Neath turf so green? There kind hearts weep
At thoughts of them who were so brave,
Leal, kind, and good, held in the grave,
That their kind hands now should be still,
And no more move at their free will,
As they were wont in days of yore,
When helping the deserving poor.

But God did watch them from on high,
Oft, as they did the poor supply,
And recorded each deed of love,
In His own Book in heaven above!
Oh, kind hearts, weep no more for them,
But think how precious is each gem,
Who did as Jesus would have done,
And in His footsteps followed on
Until their journey here was run,
And then He took their souls up home.

But here He left their precious dust,
In kindred grave, and in our trust,
Oh, let us keep the secret mound,
As it becometh hallowed ground,
Until some hands shall place us there,
And we too shall that slumber share.
But long as He'll leave us down here,
He'll lead us on, we need not fear,
Tho' far from our dear native land,
His ways are best, 'neath His command.

We'll sail the seas, where He may guide
However far o'er ocean's wide,
'Twill be our theme on foreign shore,
To tell of Him whom we adore,
For whom our covenant fathers bled

Upon the heath their blood was shed,
That we their children should be free,
To spread His truths o'er land and sea,
Oh, let us aye go in His name,
We would not ask for earthly fame.

But like our fathers just and true,
In all He giveth us to do—
Like them we'll love our native land,
Its heath-clad hills, and wave-beat strand,
Like them, look for that land sublime,
So far beyond these hills of time,
Like them, at last, we'll gain the prize
When in Christ's likeness we'll arise,
To meet upon that happy shore,
Where kindred hearts will part no more.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 7/7/04.

My Wife's Birthday.

"Mizpah."—Genesis xxxi., 49.

Happy birthday, dearest!
Oh, that those were nearest,
Than those that's near me now,
Tho' all are good, I vow,
Not one are like to thee
My love across the sea,
My own beloved wife,
Blest treasure of my life,
To you is this greeting
Until our next meeting,
Then on His name we'll call
And thank Him for it all,
Who rules in Heaven above,
Yet in His own great love,
He watches now between,
Tho' He cannot be seen,
He leads us o'er each stile,
In His way without guile,
Aye onward till the last,
Earth birthday still is past.
But many may they be—
The birthdays given thee—
Beloved wife of mine,
Much happiness be thine.

Tho' I do love the sea,
To-day I'd rather be
In our sweet, little home,
But dearest, it will come,
A time when I won't roam,
So far over the foam,
We'll dwell upon that strand
In our dear native land,
And in our cottage neat,
Life's journey we'll complete,
Where we spent childhood days,
But let us think always,
Of that far brighter place,
Where we shall see His face,
There'll be no birthday stile,
Nor passing years to wile,
But in His likeness sweet—
Together we shall meet,
And then with hand in hand,
We'll join that happy band,
And dwell for evermore
On that eternal shore,
With them who went before—
With Christ, whom we adore.

TO MARY.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 7/7/04.

The New Manse at Dalavich.

"The house of the righteous shall stand."—Proverbs xii., 7.

God's blessings rest on that building,
  The trim little manse on the heath;
May foundation, roof, and moulding,
  Last long after our wandering cease,
Fit residence to the faithful
  Who preacheth glad tidings of peace.
Long may its form be reflected
  In that calm still water beneath.

Like its other old grey neighbour,
  Inch-Ardchonell's ancient tower;
Once the dwelling of the high-born,
  How stately it stands in the bower?
It was the stronghold of clansmen
  Who fought with the claymore and sword,
But ye were destined to shelter
  The soldier of God's Holy Word.

A "Greatheart" that must not falter,
  Whilst wearing the helmet and shield;
Good soldiers of King Emmanuel,
  Should never to indolence yield.
And yet the soldier must rest him,
  He cannot be aye in the field;
Tho' strong be the arm he trusts in,
  To help him his weapons to wield.

God rested from His own labours,
  And since then He giveth a rest—
To His labourers in the vineyard,
  Ever happy are they, and blest.
And blest are the hands that helpeth,
  Build homes for the servant of God,
Surely they'll have for their comfort
  His presence, his staff, and His Rod.

God's peace abide on Dalavich,
  And its neighbourhood all round;
The little manse in the garden,
  And the kirk in the hallowed ground.
Whether on week days or Sabbath,
  The people lift up the glad sound;
He shall abundantly lavish,
  His gifts where believers are found;

Tho' far over seas I wander
  From thy peaceful surroundings there,
My thoughts no distance can sunder,
  When kneeling before Him in prayer.
I wish the loved ones ye shelter,
  All those gifts that His grace can spare;
Knowing that He is their helper,
  They'll never be short of their share.

To us there's a grand time coming,
  We'll meet in the Eden above;
Where the tree of life is blooming,
  There Christ Himself reigneth in love.
Now while we're here on our journey,
  Let us follow His footsteps near;
Tho' oft through the vale of mourning,
  His own hand shall wipe every tear.

REV. MR SMITH, DALAVICH MANSE, LOCH AWE,
ARGYLLESHIRE.

At sea, 28/7/04.

Thoughts of Galilee.

"He walked by the sea of Galilee."—Mark i., 16.

How oft I heard my father sing
  Of Salem and her towers?
And mother the refrain did bring,
  To while our youthful hours.

Now since I've come to manhood days,
  And wandered far and wide,
I treasure more, their songs of praise,
  Than all I owe beside.

Oh, tell me more about that land
  Where Jesus loved to be;
Around the shore, and peaceful strand
  Of that sweet Galilee.

Through Nazareth and Bethlehem,
  And up Mount Olive's side
To Bethany, how Jesus came,
  Where Lazarus did abide,

And on the ship, on Galilee lake
  When He laid down to sleep,
How His disciples did Him wake
  When o'er them waves did sweep.

'Twas of those scenes they sang so sweet;
  Of Calvary and yon tree
'Gainst which was pierced His hands and feet!
  All this for sinful me.

It was for me the Saviour died!
  And in the grave was laid,
But He that dark abode defied!
  And rose up as He said.

I may not see fair Canaan land,
  Nor sail o'er Galilee,
But by my Saviour's side I'll stand
  Beyond life's narrow sea.

Till then, my Lord, the praise I'll sing,
  My parents sang before,
For well I know thou wilt me bring
  Unto that happy shore.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 30/7/04.

My Shepherd.

'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. xxiii., 1.

May God thy Shepherd be,
  To lead thee, and to guide;
Thy best and dearest friend is He,
  Do ye in Him confide.

Thy home and loved ones all
  May now be far away;
But Christ is near to hear thy call,
  Thy comforter and stay.

He knows best what you need,
  And will the same supply;
No hungry soul but He will feed,
  Oh then on Him rely.

Rest sure He'll not deceive
  Nor change, with changing years;
Oft as ye come, He will receive,
  And wipe away thy tears.

Thy paths o'er hills may lead,
  Or over angry seas;
But still thy Shepherd for thee plead,
  Until thy wand'rings cease.

Then to His fold above,
  He'll bring you home at last,
How sweet 'twill be His smile of love,
  When all earth's toils are past.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 25/3/04.

In answer to Miss L. TURNER, on her remark on the Twenty-third Psalm.

To an Orphan Boy.

"Defend the poor and fatherless."—Psalm lxxxii., 3.

Dear little Arthur! Come to me!
And know that ye'll protected be!
While on this ship, and in my care,
Do rest assured ye'll have your share
Of all good things, which ye may choose,
And well I know ye won't abuse,
So welcome to my cabin here,
Oft as you wish, your heart to cheer.

Poor little Arthur! Where is she?
Whose loving hands would tend to thee!
She who would draw thee to her breast,
And hush thee in her arms to rest;
While o'er thy brow her fingers toy,
Her lips would breath! "God bless my boy!"
Oh, she is gone, His joy to share,
Dear Arthur, ye must meet her there.

Here is no father's home for thee!
'Tis now far, far, beyond the sea,
And those who would in kindness smile,
Cannot come here, the hours to wile!
'Mongst strangers now ye must sojourn,
But tho' 'mongst them, ye're not forlorn,
Thy mother's God will hold thy hand,
Till ye shall reach that Promised Land.

Dear Arthur, come, my blessing take,
Oh, this I ask for Jesus' sake—
That God may thee—an orphan—own,
Then His success thy years shall crown,
And at last, in good old age,
He'll call thee off this fickle stage,
He'll take thee to His realms above,
That hallowed place, where all is love.

With my fondest regards, to dear little ARTHUR SLADE, who has been in my charge whilst on the voyage between Liverpool, England, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. Trusting he may fall into christian hands. God will bless one and all who may act kindly towards the poor little orphan boy.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 25/6/04.

———:o:———

Birthday Wish.

Friend of sailors! My own dear friend!
To thee good wishes now I send,
That God may bless thy natal day,
And grant thee many more, I'd say,
With choicest gifts at each return,
And at the least, ye will not spurn,
Since He knows our need down here,
This He'll supply, we will not fear.
Thyself and thine He'll bless all times,
With many happy birthday chimes.
Oh, may thy peace and joy ne'er end,
God knows my wish t'wards thee my friend.

TO MR JOHN RITCHIE BELL, SAILOR'S INSTITUTE,
MONTREAL.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." On the Atlantic Ocean, 28/8/04.

A Wish on a Menu Card.

"Doth He not see my ways, and count all my steps."—
Job xxxi., 4.

My friend, accept *menu* card,
And read it line for line;
I ken you will not think it hard,
Tho, "minus" sparkling wine.

Then, hasten back, and dine with me,
As in those days langsyne,
When on this ship, ye crossed the sea,
Oh, man, but it was fine.

I oft recall our merry talk,
At morning, noon, and eve,
While arm in arm, we took our walk,
And were so wae to leave.

And when your kinsman chanced to give
His quota on folk-lore,
We wished we had in Duart liv'd,
In good old days of yore.

Ah, now, I pace the deck alone,
Recalling what hath been;
I know some future will atone,
For changes that we've seen.

Do come, my friend, draw in your chair,
And make yourself at home;
Ye are right welcome to good fare,
Oft ever as ye come.

Dedicated to my friend MACLEAN, MANITOBA, CANADA, with the kindest regards.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 2/8/04.

———:o:———

A Birthday Acrostic.

———

F ar though thy dear ones be this day,
R ejoice ye must, and be right gay,
I wish you many blessings dear,
E ach day ye live, Christ to be near
D irecting, and protecting thee,
A nd many birthdays may you see.

To my dear little German lassie, Frieda, from Labrador—for Germany.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." Atlantic Ocean, 24/8/04

Angel Hill Burial Ground, Kilninver.

"For now shall I sleep in the dust."—Job vii., 21.

Green Angel Hill of lovely pose,
Near where dark Euchar swiftly flows,
Amongst Kilninver's bonnie knowes,
Toward Loch Feochan's peaceful shores,
The glen sweet nature has adorned
With heath-clad dales and hazel groves;
I do not see the wide world o'er,
A place my heart so much adores.

There memory keeps one spot e'ergreen,
'Tis deeply in my heart enshrined,
And yet it hath neglected been.
At night this haunts me in my dream,
Green Angel Hill, it gars me greet,
Here, far away, and cannot keep
That hallowed place, in order neat,
The mound 'neath which my father sleeps.

Blest souls of dear departed friends
Have reached yon realms where joy ne'er ends,
But if at times they did return
'Twould be enough to make them mourn!
To see those places so forlorn,
With weeds and nettles all o'er grown,
Green Angel Hill, would them deplore!
How different 'twas in days of yore?

Green Angel Hill, the last "lang Hame"
Of those dear hearts, once kind and leal,
Tho' no great monument of fame—
Mark out the plots where they were laid.
Within the walls, in kindred layer,
Our noble sires, well worthy were
The highest tribute we could pay,
When placing laurels on their grave.

Befriending wealth was not attained
To cheer their hearts, while here they stay'd,
So when departing, could not share
Amongst their offsprings, worldly gain,
But, thus to us, were their bequest
Their fervent blessing with much zest,
Throughout our lives, and then at last,
On Angel Hill, a place of rest.

But since we cannot aye remain
At home to watch our forbear's graves,
This of old neighbours we would crave,
To have these mounds kept free from maim,
Tho' strangers fill the wonted hearths
Of some, who now up yonder rest
We ask with kindness in our breasts
That they would Angel Hill respect.

Would they but think, of those dear hands
Which toiled from cradle to the grave,
True patriots to their native land,
How hard they wrought for its dear sake,
And laboured on till strength them failed,
Long past the evening of life's day,
Oh, how could they, thus cease thy care?
Green Angel Hill, where these are laid.

Would wealth when passing on us smile,
Or stay her course a little while,
To give a helping hand betimes
It would not need so great a pile,
Green Angel Hill, thy top to crown,
With columns and crosses, cairns and urns,
High walls, neat walks, and choicest flowers,
Becoming, consecrated grounds.

'Tis hallowed, consecrated ground
Where angels guard each sacred mound,
Until at last the trumpet sound
Shall wake those slumbering from the tomb,
To see their Lord appear on high,
And they to meet Him will arise
From Angel Hill, to gain the prize
And share His glory in the skies.

My thoughts on reading in the *Oban Times* the paragraph *re* the decision regarding our Burial Ground on Angel Hill, Kilninver, near Oban, Argyllshire.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Philadelphia, U.S.A. 7/8/04

Tragedy on the Delaware.

This morning, whilst on my way to market, I noticed a crowd gathering on to one of the old wharves on the river Delaware, near to the foot of Callowhill Street. Something made me leave my way, and stepping over towards the crowd whom I found, to my dismay, looking down at the body of a young woman which had been found floating near to that spot a short time ago, and held immersed there until the arrival of the Coroner and other officials who would remove it to the mortuary.

Apparently she had committed suicide in the early hours of this same morning. She was in neat attire, that of a dark dress, refined appearance, lovely features, with abundance of beautful dark brown hair, which waved to and fro with the ripple of the water. Her right hand, the fingers of which were half clasped, was upraised as if she had striven to save herself—as I thought, perhaps at the last, when she had repented of her rash deed, and that there was then no one near to grasp it and save her, appealed to my inmost soul when looking at her young, beautiful, and helpless form, thus held in the cold and relentless grasp of death, brought to me fast flowing tears, and wakened some heartrending thoughts and feelings undescribable.

Nor shall I forget it all until I pass through the dark waters of the River Jordan, and get beyond the vale of tears and sorrow, where I shall meet many such as she whose earthly burden seemed too heavy to bear, and alas, in a weak moment, yielded to the thought that it would be better to depart and be at rest.

I could hardly betake me from her side—a stranger—and yet as I looked at her beautiful calm features I felt as if she was a sister in the flesh.

May God help me to take it as another warning that I must "Cast my burdens upon Him who is able and willing to sustain them." We all have our particular thorn in the flesh, and we are so weak and helpless, but we should remember always that He said—"Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

In Remembrance.

Air—"The Rowan Tree."

Ah, Delaware, thy rushing tide !
  Makes me feel sad this morn
Since I have seen by thy cold side
  Our sister all forlorn.
Immersed down in thy flowing stream,
  Tho' her bright soul had fled,
That sight will haunt me in my dream,
  And bitter tears I'll shed—
    When far away.

Her soul had fled, but there was she
  A form of charm and grace ;
Ah, how could it neglected be
  That bonnie winsome face ?
And flowing hair, which was her pride,
  Now tangled in the wave,
Oh was there no one near to guide ?
  No brother there to save—
    That sister dear.

How neat and trimly was her dress
  And snow-white, well-formed hand,
Her comely form did me impress
  Whilst near it I did stand ;
I wished her parents had been near
  With loved ones to take care
Of her remains, and bathe with tears
  That noble brow so fair—
    And worth their love.

Oh, did ye take that fatal leap
  To extricate thy soul
Out of fierce waves which would thee sweep,
  Against some treacherous shoal ?
Ye did not think ye could withstand
  The tempest of life's day !
Alas ! the Pilot was at hand
  And would have shown the way—
    Safe to the Hav'n.

Ah Delaware! Swift Delaware!
  Thy rushing tide she choose,
Thinking thy depths much kinder were
  Than false friends who abuse;
Our Father knew her wounded heart,
  And He, blest God of Love,
Would bid bright Angels do their part
  And take her soul above—
    To His own Home.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A. River Delaware, 12/7/04.

The Leading Light.

"That they which come in may see the light."—Luke xii., 33

I often pray dear sailor, brave,
Where ye are toss'd upon the wave,
Where surges sweep the whole dark night,
That ye might find the Leading Light.
When long by storms ye have been driven
So far from home, and lov'd ones riven,
How welcomed then would be the sight,
This harbour with the Leading Light.

Tho' stars are hidden by dark clouds,
And rough winds threaten sails and shrouds.
Ye need not fear that these can blight,
If ye steer for the Leading Light.
When the true Pilot holds the helm,
No angry waves can overwhelm,
Thy barque tho' frail He'll guide aright,
And bring ye to the Leading Light.

Sail on, for that blest harbour bound,
Where loved ones waiting will be found
Singing sweet praise 'mongst angels bright,
Of Christ who is the Leading Light.
Then when ye join that happy throng,
Ye'll raise your voice in the new song,
And aye remember with delight,
How ye had found the Leading Light.

Reflections on the answer given me by Miss ADA THACKERAY, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Thackeray, of St. John's, Newfoundland, on my asking her as to the situation of her father's church. She said, "It is on Queen's Road, and the one that has the 'Leading Light.'" Meaning the red light, which is placed high up in the church spire, being the highest, therefore the leading light of those so placed on shore, by which mariners are safely guided into the peaceful harbour of St. Johns. Time and distance may divide us, but I'll aye think of her ready and touching answer. Wishing my dear young friend, Ada, and brother, Joe, with their reverend father and friend, a very pleasant holiday amongst their friends of Lang Syne. Then a safe return to their hospitable home and the well-founded church—with the "Leading Light"—at St. John's, Newfoundland.

———:o:———

At Dr. Talmage's Grave.

"The pr eacher sought to find out acceptable words."—
Ecc. xii., 10.

———

Sleep on great "Talmage," take thy rest!
  Tho' I would fain that ye were still
Preaching Christ, with thy wonted zest
  To all who came thy church to fill.
Oh, who could better tell it out?
  That wondrous story of God's Love,
Once heard from thee, oh who could doubt?
  Ought of that brighter world above.

My thoughts while standing by the grave of Dr. Talmage in Green Wood Cemetery, New York.

28/3/05.

A Tribute to the Memory

OF

LIEUTENANT C. F. JEUNE

(OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS),

Who answered the Last Roll Call, at Poona, India,

Friday, 19th August, 1904. Aged 22 years.

"On Indian plain or Lapland snow, believers take the same repose."

The above young gentleman was the only son of the Right Hon. Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, true Christian philanthropists, who has the nation's deepest sympathy in this—the hour of sore bereavement. Especially do Highlanders, at home and abroad, extend their united and sincerest condolence to them at this sad hour, in the loss of their beloved and gallant soldier son.

For their many truly Christian deeds toward our people, and especially so in their showing themselves at all times the true friends, and ardent admirers of our departed hero, the lamented General Sir Hector MacDonald.

Long would we linger by the last resting places of departed brave ones, recalling their valient deeds, but better we should unite our prayers with the bereaved and commend them to "The God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them, which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

The Last Roll Call.

Wae's me, our nation's in sorrow!
  There's wailing in each Highland glen!
To-day and long past the morrow,
  'Twill be heard on mountain and ben
The doleful dirge of true clansmen,
  Will linger in cottage and hall,
For their gallant young soldier son
  Who has answered the last roll call.

We bow our heads with his father,
  The noble, his sorrows we share;
But speak not, knowing he'd rather
  In silence the calamity bear.
His plans well laid for the future,
  Will never be accomplished here;
But still he yields to his Tutor,
  Who promised to wipe every tear.

Our hearts are sore for his mother,
  Our dear kinswoman tried and true,
Tho' living over the border,
  Her old home is dear to her view.
The ancient seat of Seaforth,
  She's a daughter worthy its fame,
For kindness all knoweth her worth,
  In charity great is her name.

Her sorrow we could not measure,
  While mourning for her only son!
But He who lent her that treasure,
  Has but taken His own again;
He'll restore him in the morning,
  When He comes at the Grand Review,
The roll will be called up yonder,
  And she'll meet her lov'd one anew.

Afar in the Indian jungle,
  Where serving his country and king!
Sweet thoughts of the past would mingle
  With bright things the future might bring.
With the good will of his comrades,
  Who would witness his task well done,
Returning to scenes of childhood,
  With high honours and laurels won.

So well he served our lov'd Monarch,
  That His Majesty mourn his loss!
His comrades talk of the gallant
  Whose service the country would miss.
Who while pursuing stern duty,
  Looked aye for that better abode
In yonder beautiful "city,
  Whose builder and maker is God."

The sword is sheathed in its scabbard,
  And the soldier is laid to rest;
No clashing of shield and halbert,
  Can disturb his slumber so blest.
Oh, take now the well earned garland
  Of heather entwined with the rose;
Place it o'erwhere he is resting,
  And where angels guard his repose.

Oh, he is not dead, but sleepeth,
  And shall rise up at morning break,
The tomb the slumberer keepeth
  Till in Christ's likeness he'll awake.
Tho' we are still in the valley,
  On the march till the evening fall;
Up there with lov'd ones we'll rally,
  When we answer the last roll call.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 15/9/04.

Kind Thoughts for the Twenty-First September.

Dear friend of old and merry times,
To-day I hear thy birthday chimes,
And listen while each merry peal
Send over seas—my wish, thy weal,
From this—thy happy natal day
May good dame fortune with thee stay,
And may the gifts which are divine
Be shower'd down on both thee and thine.
Tho' often times the tears shall fall
When lov'd ones hear the last roll call,
And they depart—from thee for aye
To be with Him who led the way,
Think what a meeting it must be
On that bright shore, beyond life's sea.
Ah, there ye'll see Him face to face,
But now, my friend, may His rich grace
Keep thee for many years to come,
The joy and comfort of thy home,
With thy companion kind and leal—
Protected thee, and beau ideal—
Sons and daughters to adorn
Thine own sweet cot, when years have shorn
Acquaintance's field and left it bare,
Ah, then, they shall their love declare,
Recalling what yourself had been
To them, through all the changes seen,
Oh, now, what could I wish thee more
While sailing t'wards yon happy shore,
Where waiting friends thy soul allure?
May Christ Himself the Pilot sure,
Be near thee with His soothing balm,

And guide thy barque in storm and calm,
Assured His help shall never fail,
Until at last ye furl each sail,
And anchor'd in yon port so blest,
Where ye will find eternal rest,
Ah, there ye'll meet with mine and me,
Bless God, I'll meet with thine and thee.

To Mrs Alex. MacNaughton, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London.

At sea, 21/9/04

———:o:———

Answer to a Pictorial Post Card.

Glad ye remember me, Cissie,
For I fondly remember thee,
While o'er the world I roam lassie,
Thy sweet smile is ever with me,
In fancy, ye aye bring gladness,
Like a guardian angel stay—
To cheer in the hour of sadness,
The poor wanderer far away,
Sore toss'd on the rolling ocean,
Sweet to know ye remember me,
When kneeling in true devotion
Before Him, who controls the sea,
He is the best Friend to lean on,
And He'll watch between thee and me.

To little Cissie Eastaway, Liverpool.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
St. John's, Newfoundland. 17/12/04

Another Friend Away.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—
Psalm cxii., 6.

There is another friend away,
A friend I loved most dear;
Oh, how can I be now but wae!
Since he'll not meet me here.
His friendly hand and kindly smile,
I'll look for but in vain,
Where he was wont the hours to while
And heartily entertain.

How cheerful was his wonted mood,
And well did he employ
Each passing moment doing good—
To sad hearts bringing joy.
None like him could the downcast lift.
In sorrow's trying day;
'Twas his, the soul-inspiring gift
To walk in widsom's way.

Another friend away from me,
And from his loved ones dear;
But why should we dejected be?
Ah, let us check each tear,
Tho' we shall miss all time to come
One of our friends the best.
'Twas God the Father called him home
To give him peace and rest.

I little thought when last we met
On the Saint Lawrence shore,
And parted there, 'twould be our fate
That we should meet no more
In that sweet haven, calm and still,
Where we have merry been;
But now I'd say—"Oh, God, thy will,"
Who best could intervene.

Up on yon Shore that is sublime,
There is a haven bright,
Where we shall meet our friends of time,
Arrayed in robes of white;
We'll dwell with them, and Christ our King,
How glorious it must be,
With that bright throng, God's praise to sing
Beyond life's narrow sea.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 10/22/04.

There's a Home for all that's Leal and True.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv., 2.

Go, tell the news in every land,
  Wherever ye life's path pursue!
That Christ prepares on yon bright strand
  A Home for all that's leal and true.

What are these palaces of time?
  Tho' grand they seem to mortal view;
They are not like His Home sublime—
  Prepared for all that's leal and true.

Tho' sweet to see earth's choicest flowers
  Bespangled with the morning dew;
More sweet will be yon Heavenly bowers
  To those He loves, the leal and true.

Oh wander'r turn, He loves thee still,
  Let His sweet peace thy heart subdue,
And o'er each step He'll lead thee till
  Ye mingle with His leal and true.

Though weigh'd by sin, He bids thee come;
  Now take the step, ye'll never rue!
Why tarry longer? while there's room
  'Side His redeemed, the leal and true.

Sore trials all, and sorrows here!
  Should but our needed strength renew;
There'll be no tears in yonder sphere—
  Where Christ dwells with His leal and true

We, "once afar" are now "brought nigh,"
  And numbered with His chosen few,
Who wait His coming from on high,
  To welcome home! His leal and true.

'Twill not be long till that blest morn,
  When Jesus holds His grand review;
His smile shall evermore adorn
  That Home with all His leal and true.

Oh, bless'd be God! 'twill not be long!
  We'll meet our loved ones then anew,
And sing the praise, in that new song,
  Of Him who kept us leal and true.

These lines occurred to me after hearing the memorable words "There's a Home for all that's leal and true," so touchingly expressed in a most beautiful prayer by the Rev. DOUGLAS M'LENNAN, Everton Valley Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, Sabbath Evening, 4th December, 1903.

At sea, 11/12/04

In Loving Memory.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."
2 Samuel xii., 23.

The Yule Log may lighten the hearth
In the emblazoned hall so gay,
But for me there's no Christmas mirth
Since Donald is taken away.
My laddie, the joy of our home,
I'll seek not on mountain or wave,
But yonder I'll linger alone,
Where he is laid in the deep, cold grave.

My darling child, I'll linger there
Beneath the ray of evening star,
Tho' well I know that Angels fair
Took thy blest soul to realms afar.
Yet o'er that mound my watch I'll keep
By thy sweet form at eventide,
Until I take my last long sleep,
And kind hands lay me by thy side.

Ah, Donald, my darling laddie!
Must I never see thee again?
The joy of thy wonted prattle
Shall I listen for now in vain?
When thy little sister calls thee,
And she weeps since ye do not come!
How can I speak when she asks me—
"What keeps Donnie from coming home!

Wae's me, dear Donald, ye're taken,
And your chair is left vacant here,
At sight of it thoughts awaken
Of the glad days when ye were near.
Now, I care not where I'll wander,
To the land that's beyond the sea,
I'll aye in sweetness remember
How you knelt at your mother's knee.

Donald! my first born and treasure!
I oft wished the future might bring
Fortune, and fame without measure,
That the welkins thy praise would ring
O'er land and sea as ye'd travel,
Till at last, in honoured old age,
The world would count thee a marvel
And record thy name on its page.

My Donald! I thought and proposed,
There was nothing too good for thee;
But to God, who wisely disposed,
May all honour and glory be.
His favour is better than gold,
And I know that His ways are best;
He took thee up Home to His fold,
'Mongst His lambs eternally blest.

Sleep on till morning, dear Donald!
Then, laddie, I'll see thee again,
Not here in this world of tumult,
But up yonder where Jesus reign,
And, oh, how sweet 'twill be to meet
Upon that bright and happy shore;
Our union then will be complete,
In Heaven, with Christ, to part no more.

In loving memory of DONALD M'LEOD, mourned by his father, and my good shipmate.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 1/8/05.

Our Beloved "Free."

"They shall prosper that love thee,"—Psalm cxxii., 6.

Come, *Monthly Record*, welcome here!
From Scotia o'er the sea;
MacNeilage gives his news sincere
Of our beloved "Free."

Oh! tell me more of what was done
In "Eighteen forty-three,"
When men of God the victory won
Which gave us our dear "Free."

Tell how those men for conscience' sake
Would not contented be,
Tho' homes and livings were at stake
Their doctrine needs be "Free."

Great Welsh, 'twas Chalmers, Gordon, Burns,
With thousands followed thee
To Tanfield Hall, and their returns
Vows to be henceforth "Free."

Hugh Millar, Scotland's Christian son,
Forgot he ne'er can be,
For good things he had said and done—
'Twas he who named her "Free."

Thank God, He gives us leaders still,
  Who hold no small degree
Of that same noble power of will
  They had who formed the "Free."

Many like Bannatyne, MacQueen,
  MacCulloch, wont to be,
The foremost spokesman aye serene,
  Upholding our dear "Free."

Well worthy sons of Covenant sires,
  Whose preaching all needs be
Though him who teaches and inspires
  His message in each "Free."

The Church our fathers loved to call
  Their trysting place with Thee.
Ah! how we loved to hear them all
  Tell how they formed the "Free."

Now we, their children, cherish shall
  This Church so blessed by Thee,
Who favours her, tho' others fall,
  Thou God dost love our "Free."

'Twas but a sapling from the vine,
  Yet grew a spreading tree;
All growth, and sap, fruits are Thine
  That constitutes the "Free."

The righteous law of God and Heaven
  Is on her side, and she
Must spread the Gospel Christ has given,
  His charter makes her "Free."

God will replenish at His will,
As His design decree,
The Church militant here until
Gone up triumphant, "Free."

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean."
Philadelphia, U.S.A. 22/8/05.

———:o:———

The Lassie at Loch Awe.

There is a lass wha's dear to me,
She lives far, far across the sea—
At Portinsherrich in Argyll,
Oh, how I love her sweetly smile.
Could I to-day but take my flight
To far Loch Awe, I'd there alight
Beside the lass I love so well.
Then oh, what news we'd hae to tell,
But all I hope will soon revive,
When we again meet in Park Drive.
Beside the wife and grannie dear,
We'll sing of Jesus ever near,
When I get home from here awa'
To my sweet lassie from Loch Awe.

My wish on a post card to my dear little neice, JESSIE M'INTYRE—"The Lassie at Loch Awe.

Montreal, Canada. 22/8/05.

Parting with "Bo's'n."

Let others all rejoice who can,
  Their mirth could not make me feel gay,
It is not for a fellow man
  I feel thus, sad at heart to-day!
'Tis for my faithful little friend,
  My "doggie" with the brindled coat,
Tho' our attachment nought can rend,
  Yet, we ourselves must dwell remote.

Poor little "Bo's'n," had you been—
  Mine by right, there's nothing could
Entice me, little comrade keen,
  To part with thee, let come what would,
Since ye thy confidence did place
  In me, how could I let thee go?
I would not be a "child of grace,"
  And thus, t'ward thee, such conduct show.

I would not part with thee for gold
  Were ye mine own, ye creature sweet,
Thy trust in me could not be sold,
  Since the first moment we did meet
Thine instinct taught thee, I had room—
  For thee, and be thy friend at length.
Alas, this day! why did they come
  To break this trust and bear thee hence.

Fidelity should not be scorned
  When 'tis by any creature shown,
God is their Maker, and adorned
  Them thus, to show they were His own.
I felt this true regarding thee,
  When ye were parting here with me,
If ye could speak, ye'd say—"I'd fain
  You'd let me back with him again."

If thy good master sent thee back
  How gladly I'd say, "Bo's'n, come—
My little friend, there'll be no lack
  Of good things for thee in my home."
I know right well 'twould be thy choice,
  To come, and here with me abide.
If ye could only hear my voice!
  How quickly ye'd be by my side.

Alas, ye are so far away—
  That I may never see thee now;
A stranger's voice ye must obey,
  A stranger's hand ye must allow
To hold thee back, tho' ye desire
  To leave him, and return to me;
Oh, if our wish we could acquire,
  How happy both of us would be.

Farewell! farewell! my little friend,
  Oh, must I, must I, say farewell?
When future years their changes send
  To thee, and me, oh, who shall tell
Me of thy bonnie brindled coat,
  And if thy master treat thee well?
I know that I'll forget thee not,
  My faithful "Bo's'n," fare-thee-well.

Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A. 4/2/05.

Giving Our Heart.

"Give me thine heart,"—Proverbs xxiii., 26.

Dear sister, give thy heart to Him
  Who died on Calvary's cruel tree,
See yonder precious flowing stream
  For cleansing sinful me and thee.

A brother may demand thy hand,
  But Jesus, He demands thy heart,
And oh, how sweet at His command
  To come and choose—"The better part."

Oh, hear His voice while 'tis to-day,
  And rest assured He'll not deceive;
He'll help thee to walk in wisdom's way
  And heavenly blessings ye'll receive.

What tho' afar from that dear land
  When ye have pass'd sweet youthful day,
Ye're ever nearing yon bright strand,
  Where we shall dwell with Him alway.

We love to think of home so sweet
  And loved ones whom we left behind;
It pains us when we cannot meet
  Their smiling faces leal and kind.

This should but keep us closer still
  To Him, the Friend above all friends,
He'll keep our hearts right pure until
  We meet again where joy ne'er ends.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean,"
Off Halifax Harbour, N.S. 21/3/05.

Parting with Friends.

"Intreat me not to leave thee."—Ruth i., 16.

Oh, fickle world in which we live,
  How could we love thy changes here?
To-day thou canst no comfort give—
  Whil'st we do part with friends so dear.

With them we pass'd our sweeter day,
  Oh, why should we now leave their side?
Tho' fortune may not come that way,
  We'd rather aye with them abide.

We loved them as they loved us—well!
  And thought that nothing could divide;
But now, alas, could mortal tell
  Why should we wander far and wide?

Some future time we'll understand
  Why thus we were divided here;
It may be when on yonder strand
  We'll know the meaning of each tear.

Yet hard it is to say good-bye
  To near and dear ones as we part,
When bitter tears bedim the eye,
  There is but One who knows the heart.

He knows the anguish of the soul,
  Better than we who bear the smart;
In such sad hour none can console
  Like Him who sees the inward part.

Oh, how could we the parting bear
  Had we not known He'd watch between
" Until we meet,' we ne'er need fear.
  His hand shall not fail us tho' unseen.

There is no secret but He knows,
  Thus it is better to confide
In Him who help us to bear our woes,
  And give His peace whate'er betide.

A friend that sticketh closer far
  Than brother, or another friend,
Is He who is our guiding star—
  He'll lead us safely till the end.

And then when this brief voyage is past,
  We'll meet where parting ne'er can be ;
Then sweet 'twill be to dwell at last
  With Christ, beyond life's narrow sea.

S.S. " Corinthian." At sea, 12/4/05.

Spiritual Birthday Anniversary.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii., 2.

To Thee, O God, I'll sing my last,
And happy be this morn,
For well I know, Thou'lt hear my pray,
On this sweet day's return.

It was two years ago—this day,
That Jesus spoke to me,
He said, my sister, come this way,
And I'll be guide to thee.

His precious call I did obey,
Since then He holds my hand—
And leadeth me from day to day,
Towards that happy land.

The sweetness of His gentle voice
Is more to me than gold;
My Shepherd He, and I rejoice
To be within His fold.

However long my journey here,
In this vain world below;
It is all well, I need not fear,
Since Jesus loves me so.

My parents dear, and friends so true,
  I love them as I should;
But I could not give them His place,
  Nor would I if I could.

Sweet was the home where I was reared,
  And dear the loved ones there,
But sweeter far than home beyond
  Which He with me will share.

Oh, blessed Saviour 'twas Thy choice
  That I should follow Thee,
Now let my soul, my heart, my voice,
  Be ever all for Thee.

Until I pass the bound of time
  Life's trials I'll not dread,
Then when I reach yon blessed clime
  The golden streets I'll tread.

Sincerest Christian regards to my sister—in the coming one—on this spiritual birthday anniversary.

To Miss MARY MUNRO, of Culpleasant, Tain, Rosshire, who with her brother, Mr Findlay Munro, are on their way to the far West of Canada. May the blessed Lord lead them, is the fervent wish of their countryman and friend.

S.S. "Corinthian." Gulf of St. Lawrence, 6/5/06.

In Gratitude.

How sweet it is to know that ye,
Tho' very far across the sea—
Did think of us when far away
And wished as near you on "Class Day."
Oh, sore at heart we both did feel,
We could not be to wish you weal,
And help consume your good repast,
But we shall pray this may long last.
"Good old times" at "Radcliffe College,"
Where young folks go to gain knowledge,
If both of us but could have been
A little nearer—"Sister Dean"
On that sweet Wednesday in June,
We would in good old Scotch commune
With her, and all who might be there,
'Twould be our wish the few to share,
We'd spin a yarn and sing a song
Enjoy it all the whole night long,
The class of nineteen hundred five
Would long, long in our hearts survive,
But to all we send our greeting,
That success may crown your meeting
With all good blessings from above,
Your "Cousins" sends this wish with love.

Having been invited to the Radcliffe College Class Day gathering of 25th June, 1905.

At sea, 14/6/05.

A Remembrance.

"I bring you tidings of great joy."—Luke ii., 10.

Oh, glad am I dear brother "Hill,"
  That ye did choose to come this way
When crossing o'er, but 'twas His will
  Ye should lie here this Sabbath day,
So that ye would by word and look
  Teach us how we our time should spend
By taking pleasure in that "Book"—
  Which tells of joys that never end.

How faithfully ye did your part
  To send the Gospel truths right home,
We'll fondly treasure in our heart
  Remembrances all time to come.
And tho' ye may be far away
  'Mongst strangers, or with friends so dear,
These cherished words shall ne'er decay,
  The words ye've spoken to us here.

On hearing a sermon by Prof. G. W. E. HILL, Stillwater, Minn., U.S.A., on Matt. xiii., 39—"The reapers are the angels."

S.S "Corinthian." At sea, 25/6/05.

My Autograph.

Dear friend, my name I give you here,
  And I'll remember do not fear—
All that sweet converse with our friend,
  Of Him, who doth all good things send.

Oh, take this parting wish to-day,
  Throughout thy life, all joy be thine,
Look unto Him who is the Way,
  And lean upon His arm Divine.

And tho' we may be far apart
  For all the years which are to come,
We three shall aye be one in heart
  Until we meet in yon bright home.

Inscribed in an album.

S.S. "Corinthian." Gulf of St. Lawrence, 26/9/05.

For the Gift of a Birthday Book.

Many thanks for this Birthday Book,
O'er its pages I'll often look,
And often wonder where is she—
Who gave this little book to me.
When I am sailing o'er the brine,
I'll love to use this book of thine,
And read a tract each passing day,
How it will cheer me on my way
To know that you remember me
When I am far out on the sea—
And ye ashore—yet spirits meet
Around one blood-stained Mercy Seat,
'Tis there our Saviour greets His own,
'Tis there we make our wishes known,
'Tis there I'll ask Him, friend, to give
To thee His blessings while ye live.
And when our journey here is o'er,
We'll meet upon yon golden shore,
And speak of this sweet book ye gave,
Which tells me Jesus came to save.

S.S. "Corinthian." River St. Lawrence, 27/9/05.

To the Loving Memory

OF

WILLIAM JOHN McLEAN,

Who fell asleep at Montreal, Canada, 30th September, 1905,
Aged 24 years.

Sleep on in this peaceful haven,
Ye shall sail the wild seas no more,
When to us that rest is given,
We'll meet thee on the further shore.

Erected by his Chief, Fellow-Stewards, Stewardesses, and Cooks of s.s. "Corinthian," of Glasgow, Scotland.

Montreal, Canada. 2/12/05.

A Tribute.

"The stream of time's still rolling on,"
Yet here's thy lines to muse upon,
Good James Mylne, bard at Lochill,
Tho' for long years thy voice's been still,
And beyond doubt, Henry, thy friend,
Have also reached his journey's end,
Whether he had clung close to thee,
Shall aye a mystery be to me,
Since I know nothing of his lot
I'll leave his name without one blot.
Nor do I ken if he did leave
Behind him aught to which I'd cleave.
But here to-day out on the ocean
I trace thy lines, with true devotion,
And that my soul they do inspire
I here declare with true desire,
Thy ode and tragedies I've read,
And think each word of these high bred,
As much alive to-day as when
The muse had brought them to thy pen,
Ye had thy laurels well deserved,
Thy lines shall keep thy name preserved.
But ye're not dead, altho' ye're gone.
Away from us, thy work was done,
And He who knoweth all things best,
Well knew that ye had need of rest.

He took thy soul up to the skies,
And left with us here what we prize,
Thy lines, at which we often peep
And green mound where we gently sleep,
O'er which I lay this laurel green
In gratitude of what ye've been—
And when that sleep to me is given,
I know we'll meet up there in Heaven.

My thoughts after reading pieces and ode to Mr H. D., when at the Grammer School of Dalkeith, by the late Mr James Mylne (Bard) of Lochill.

S.S. "Buenos Ayrean." At sea, 5/12/05.

———:o:———

My Father, Acrostic.

My son, keep thy father's commandments."—Prov. vi., 20.

———

M y father! Lovable! 'Mongst men,
Y ears may not bring his like again,
F or he was of God's men the best,
A nd though he's gone to his long rest,
T he secret of his counsels wise,
H as been to me my richest prize.
E arth! keep thy riches! let me rather—
R esolve to live, and die, like father.

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 18/10/06.

Children from the Orphan Homes of Scotland.

"Defend the poor and fatherless."—Psalm lvxxxii., 3.

Dear Children from yon Orphan Homes,
Who were my guests while here, aboard;
My thoughts go out—just as becomes—
T'wards thee, who were sent by the Lord;
For well I know, 'twas in His love
He brought thee here those few short days,
That you and I should look above
And honour Him in all our ways.

Ah, yes, 'twas He that brought thee here,
Sweet Children of good folks that were;
But are now gone from this cold sphere
And left thee to the stranger's care;
More bitter thought to them than death,
To leave you thus; yet 'twas His will;
Now, you must in their God have faith,
For 'tis His hand that leads you still.

Sweet Boys and Girls, while you were here,
I loved to have you by my side,
And oftentimes would come the tear,
At thought how short you would abide
With me, where I could hear your voice
Join in the morn' and even' song.
Still tho' apart, we may rejoice,
For we shall meet—"'Twill not be long."

I oft recall each happy scene,
And wish to have them o'er again
By those same actors that had been;
But for all this, I'll wish in vain;
And yet I know you'll play your part
Right well whereever you may be;
This happy thought will cheer my heart
When I am far upon the sea.

Whoever may your time employ?
They'll find in you no base alloy,
And God will have His favour shown
To those who treat you as their own;
And into your adopted home,
The riches of His grace shall come;
Then they shall never need to fear
Who treat the Orphan kindly here.

There is one place you'll bear in mind,
'Tis the dear Homes so far away;
Where with those loved ones leal and kind,
You spent your happy youthful day.
'Twas they that took the parent's place,
And tended to your wants with care;
How lovely was each gentle face,
And loving hands, how kind they were.

Oft, as ye shall review the past,
There'll be one loving form which comes
Before you while your mem'ry last;
He was the founder of the Homes;
The man of God, you'll think him still;
Same as he was in days of yore;
Tho' he hath gone—his place to fill,
Where Orphan's tears are seen no more.

Those upon whom his mantle fell,
Shall follow in his footsteps near;
The Orphan's needs to God they'll tell,
Who at all times their prayer shall hear,
And He will cause kind folks to give
With their wont hospitality.
There is no one that Christ doth love
Like he that giveth cheerfully.

Oh, if I were with riches blest
I'd give to each a helping hand,
But all shall come at His behest,
While we are pilgrims in this land.
Then we shall share with those that need
Our little gifts, in Jesus' name,
And tho' but little be the deed—
If done through him, He'll bless the same.

Good-night, dear children, I must close,
I wish you all a sweet repose,
And do not fear, tho' dispersed there,
That I'll forget you in my prayer,
Oh no, I'll ask our Lord to guide
You safe o'er life's ebbing tide;
Then when He brings us to yon shore
We'll meet again to part no more.

Written in fond remembrance of the happy voyages with the Boys in charge of Bro. David M'Fadzen, and with the Girls, in charge of Pastor D. J. Findlay, Mrs Findlay, Mr Regd. Findlay, and friends, in April and July, 1905, from Mr Quarrier's Orphan Homes of Scotland, Bridge of Weir, to Quebec, Canada.

I'll always cherish with sweetest memory our happy time crossing the ocean. May God in His own good time give His abundant blessing to each one, and watch over them in all their ways "till we meet again," is the fervent wish of their old Steward friend.

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 12/10/05.

Where my 3 loved ones spent 2 years of their young lives. Fanny. John & Gerty. They came out fr

To a Sweet Singer.

Ezekiel xxxiii., 32.

I love auld Scotia all the more,
Since ye have come from her dear shore,
Where lark doth soar at early dawn—
Leaving her nest on flower-clad lawn,
And from you height her sweet notes pour,
Charming the dwellers in the bower,
While rising up on wings so swift,
Nearer to Him who gave the gift.

This is like thee, friend from the hills,
Thy music sweet my bosom thrills,
While ye have left your home behind,
And dear friends there so good and kind,
Yes, left them all—to play the part
In raising up the drooping heart,
And cheer the pilgrim on his way,
When o'er the strings the bow ye play.

But oh, my friend, like yon sweet lark,
'Tis God that kindled that same spark,
Which gives thy soul the true desire
How ye the melody acquire—
Which in this vale of tears must bring
More glory unto Christ thy King.
Then when earth's strings at last are riven,
You'll play a golden harp in heaven.

To Miss MAY MELDRUM (Violinist).

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 27/10/05.

My Grave.

"All that are in the graves shall hear His voice."—
John v., 28.

Dear friend, you ask about my grave,
  I do not know if I may sleep—
In kindred tomb, or 'neath the wave
  In ocean cave where pearls lie deep,
If polished stone or glittering shell,
  Shall mark that place—"I'll wait His choice,
Since He in His own word doth tell—
  "They in the graves shall hear His voice."

I know not if on land or sea,
  I'll watch my latest sun go down,
Or if lov'd friends be near to me,
  When death at last my wanderings crown,
After that solemn hour has come,
  What matters where this frame may lie,
'Twill arise again in fadeless bloom,
  And take its flight to realms on high.

I know not of the time or place,
  Or how that messenger shall call,
But I must meet Him face to face,
  Ere this, my earthly house shall fall,
Resigned am I—for this I know—
  Bright angels shall their vigils keeps,
Over the place where Christ doth show,
  "He giveth His beloveth sleep."

Here mountains steep—I've had to climb—
  Which oft across life's path did stand,
Sore pains and sorrows came in time
  While marching through this weary land,
Should I—who cross'd wild oceans wide
  Till weary of their threatening roar,
Dread that calm stream whose peaceful tide
  Shall bear me to yon happy shore.

Oh no, death brings no dread to me,
  My Saviour hath its sting withdrawn,
And o'er the grave the victory—
  I'll have through Him at morning dawn,
With other blessings this I owe
  My gracious Lord of whom I ask,
That I may in His footsteps go,
  Until I finish my last task.

Good friend, my grave I will not dread
No more than if it was my bed,
'Tis welcome as the setting sun,
That shows the day of toil is done,
It's there I'll have the sweetest sleep
From which I'll wake, no more to weep,
And from its depth I'll see Him come
To take me up to yon bright home.

The soldier sleepeth where he fell!
Ah, who yon sailor's grave could tell?
The wander'r on the foreign strand—
Was laid down by a stranger's hand,
In life those men their choice did make
As to the path each one should take,
But when death came at God's behest,
They could not choose their place of rest.

Ah now, if that to us were given,
My choice would be—"Green Angel Hill,"
There's not on earth a fairer haven
It's there I'll anchor safe until—
My Saviour doth my soul restore
Then parents dear, and friends of yore,
Shall rise from that sweet haven blest
To enter Heaven's eternal rest.

'Twas on yon hill in youthful day
My parents told me—'twas God's way—
That they should sleep with their forbears
And oh, I think of mother's tears!
When father said to me—"My son
Go thou thy way—till day is done,
And then you'll rest with us up here
Until that morn when Christ appears

So, on the hallowed Angel Hill
I'd fain be laid, if 'tis God's will?
And if dear friends a stone shall raise,
Let its inscription give all praise,
To Christ my Saviour who did guide
Me all through life, till eventide,
And in death's vale made me rejoice
Since—in the grave I'd hear His voice.

"As for me . . . I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—Ps. xvii., 15.

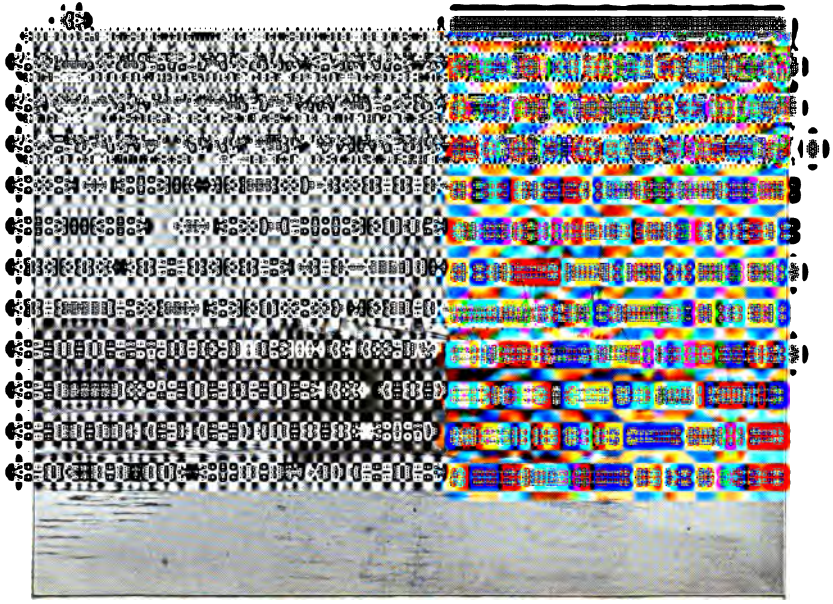
S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 28/10/05.

On a Pictorial Post Card to my Wife.

Take this card my bonnie Mary,
  It will show you that we've come
To Moville, near Londonderry,
  And that we are nearing home.
So my dear, put on the kettle,
  That we both may have our tea,
Then, down to a chat we'll settle,
  Just as happy as can be.
While I tell you of this photo—
  And of friends on it with me,
And of him whose right good motto—
  Was to send this card to thee.

Written on a pictorial post card on which there were photos of Dr. Alexander, Mr. Hogarth, and myself, taken by Mr Bartlet, Purser, who gave me a card to send to my wife.

Moville, Ireland. 15/3/06.



S.S. "Corinthian."

S.S. "Columbia."

In Remembrance of our Voyage.

"Call to remembrance the former days."—Hebrews x., 32.

My good old shipmate, take this book—
A little gift at which ye'll look,
And think of him who gave it thee,
And of your days upon the sea.
Also those incidents that were—
Of which we both got our full share
Since that bright morning from the Clyde
We sailed away—for yonder side,
With thirteen hundred souls aboard,
To have them right, we could afford
But little time to sit and yarn,
If we obeyed our duty stern.
To see the partings touched us sore,
Surmising some would meet no more
To shake the other by the hand—
On Scotia's shore—their native land.
When we had blown our parting blast,
And mooring lines were all off-cast,
Can you forget? good friend of mine,
Their rendering of—"For auld lang syne!"
And how they gave in plaintive strain—
Oh—"Will ye no come back again?"
Loved faces fading from the view,
Fond hearts exchanged the last adieu!
While some had breathed in prayer sweet—
Oh—"God be with them till we meet,"—
Engine's throb, and orders given,
Confirmed that we sped from the haven
And hastening towards Father Neptune,
Praying for his best reception
Which he did give, to our desire—
Until beyond the bold Kintyre,

Sure none of us did grudge the while
We anchored in the calm Lochfoyle,
But wished we all could roam at will
Amongst the green fields of Moville.
Where one can never find the hemlock,
Growing near the three-leaved shamrock;
No wonder tho' the patriot stay
In that sweet place throughout life's day,
For we ourselves would longer tarry
Had they not come from Londonderry;
For whom we waited that good day—
At anchor in that bonnie bay.
What happened on the outward trip
You'll aye retain in memory's grip,
That spouting whale, and bold seagull,
Thoughts of these no time can cull,
Nor could ye cast from 'neath thy cowl
What did befall the speckled owl.
Out on the "banks," hard at their calling
The fishers brave their lines were hauling;
If asked—who kept them from disaster?
They'd say "'tis Jesus, our loved master,"
And we, like them, could say the same—
All honour to His holy name.
He holds the ocean in His hand,
Just as He holds the mountains grand,
And sends the enveloping fog
Which influence tell—by reel and log
Thus teaching how we should depend
On Him so mighty to defend.
He who us home in safety brings
Doth guard yon petrels swift of wings.
Oh, above all, recall that scene
About the brother who had been
One of our number—when we sail'd,
But when we landed—was not hailed
Amongst us, oh! it made us weep
When we committed to the deep
That noble form, of kindly face,
We wished him better resting place,
And yet, if laid beneath the sod
He would not now be nearer God—

Than where he is, tho' down so far
He'll hear no moaning of the bar.
He'll slumber on where none can tread,
Until "the sea give up its dead."
Ah! brother, e'er it is too late
Let us remember 'tis our fate,
That we must also leave this sphere,
But, trusting Him, there's naught to fear.
In God's house there's no sorrow;
No dark night, and no to-morrow.
Where we're to meet again in glory,
Rehearsing o'er life's finished story.
How many times we shall recall,
This voyage, and all which did befall
At home, at sea, likewise abroad,
Whether we walked, or sailed, or rode,
Not least of things we had enjoyed,
These pensive moments which employed
The admiration of our soul,
Aside the grave, but not the goal—
Of Longfellow, the poet sweet,
Whose "Psalm of Life" oft proved a treat
To me—they seemed like words divine,
Those "Footprints on the sands of time."
Footprints! brother, those we're leaving,
Oh, may naught that be deceiving
Hide the footsteps of the Master,
Whether we go slower, faster,
Than some would—He's our example,
And we'll ever find Him ample.

To my good shipmate, Mr GRANT, in remembrance of our voyage from Glasgow to Moville, Ireland, and Halifax, N.S., and Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Psalm cvii., 23 to the 31 verses.

At sea, 26/4/06.

My Mother, Acrostic.

"My son, forget not the law of thy mother."—Prov. vi., 20.

M y Mother! Lovable! 'mongst women—
Y e proved the truth of thy good omen!
M odest, amiable, and gentler
O f all women; kind exampler,
T hy "children all doth call thee bless'd,"
H ow much we owe thee—God knows best!
E steemed by all,—I know none other
R evered and loved, as is my Mother.

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 18/10/06.

———:o:———

My Wife, Acrostic.

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife."—Gen. ii., 24.

M y Wife! my better-half! 'twas God that give
Y e unto me,—and by His help we'll live!
W hile here on earth, no one our lives can sunder,
I know, He'll lead us on—and none can hinder;
F airest of all women! joy of my life!
E ternity throughout, ye'll be my Wife.

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 18/10/06.

My Brother, Acrostic.

"The same is my brother."—Matt. xii., 50.

M y Brother! I have more than one!
Y es, living here, but some are gone
B efore,—"In heaven we'll meet again,"
R emoved from changes which give pain!
O h God! Thou givest my brother's each,
T hy secret sweet, in thought and speech,
H ere while they live, Thou shalt them teach,
E ach to follow father thither,
R e-enact his life—my brother.

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 5/11/06.

———:o:———

My Sister, Acrostic.

"The same is my sister."—Matt. xii., 50.

M y Sister! I've been bless'd with many!
Y ou miss so much, who have not any,
S ome of mine have long since gone home,
I 'll meet them there, when day is done,
S isters of mine! to each I say,
T he peace of God be with you aye!
E ach of you surpass in lustre—
R ichest Gem—since ye're my sister.

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 5/11/06.

Birthday Acrostic,
H.M.G.M. King Edward.

"Because the Lord hath loved His people, He hath made thee King over them."—2 Chron. ii., 11.

H ail! ninth November! birthday of our King?
M illions of loyal subjects, heartily wing,
G reetings sincere, from near and distant place,
M onarch beloved! ye destined by God's grace,
K ing of Great Britain, and Ireland, thy sway—
I s over wide continent far away,
N umerous islands, isthmus vast, that be,
G ems of oceans, their tribute pay to thee,
E mperor of India, and best of all,
D efender of the faith which shall not fall,
W ell known o'er the world for thy God given tact
A h! how we all love thee in every act!
R aising our voices, in heart felt refrain,
D ei Gratia! long may ye live, and reign.

By one of H.M.G.M.'s humble, yet loyal subjects.

S.S. "Corinthian."
Montreal. River St. Lawrence, 9/11/06.

———:o:———

My Neighbour.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Matt. xix., 19.

M y neighbonr! we're together cast,
Y es, and long after time is past,
N eighbours we'll be in yonder sphere,
E ver recalling--old times here—
I n this vain world—now what we say
G o up before us, there to stay,
H o then, my friend, let us take heed,
B efore "His promises" we plead,
O h, let me live in word and deed,
U nto Him, He'll bless my fervour—
R ight good towards thee, my neighbour.

S.S. "Corinthian." At sea, 5/11/06.

Sacred to the Loving Memory

OF

SAMUEL BLAIR JENKINS HALDANE

Whe departed 10th October, 1906. Aged 37 years.
The above was assistant Victualling Superintendent of the "Allan" Line, Mavisbank, Glasgow.
Invaluable to his employers, highly respected, and loved by all.

"Until the day breaks."

Safely anchored, in this calm haven,
Where storms can disturb thee no more,
We know, thy bright soul is in Heaven,
Where we'll meet when life's voyage is over.
Yet we'll often long for thy smile,
And wish thy lov'd presence were near,
But Jesus comes, after a while,
Then His hand shall wipe every tear.

Erected by his sorrowing widow, CHARLOTTE CADZOW, and a few of his old friends and comrades.

At sea, 6/11/06.

Robert Burns, Acrostic.

R obert Burns the Scottish poet,
O 'er the world his verses show it,
B orn in seventeen-fifty-nine,
E each passing year deeper entwine,
R obert's name, with what is lovely,
T aking, lightsome, worthy, comely.
B rothers! Here's to Rab the ranter,
U nsurpassed in muse or banter,
R ouse his praise by every chanter!
N ever while yon bright sun returns,
S hall there be—Bard—like Robert Burns.

In memory of the 148th anniversary of the birthday of ROBERT BURNS.

S.S. "Sicilian." Glasgow, 25/1/07.

My Autograph.

2 Corinthians iii., 3.

Ah, friend of mine, there comes a day,
When God to you and I might say,
Come children, let Me see that book,
In which you've written—let Me look,
At what you've written on its page,
To see if fit for youth and age,
And if its tone shall stand the test,
When I shall search for what is best
In every line and every word,
That's there to glorify your Lord,
Who died, that to your name be given,
A place in His own Book in Heaven.

S.S "Corinthian." At sea, 11/8/05.

This is our dear old Ship

Acrostic.

SAFE TRIP GOOD SHIP "SICILIAN."

"He guideth them by the skilfulness of His Hands."
Psalm 78, verse 72.

S icilian! My wish t'ward thee,
A s oft as ye put out to sea,
F air winds to waft thee on thy way,
E ach knot ye run, by night or day.

T hroughout thy journey on the deep,
R ock'd in its cradle vast, He'll keep
I n safety, while ye're crossing o'er,
P iloting thee from shore to shore.

G od's blessing rest on all who sail,
O 'er seas with thee, He shall not fail
O ffer by His own gracious hand,
D ivine help on the foreign strand.

S ore hearts may be—when friends and home
H ave vanished far, but there shall come—
I t may be yonder—after years,
P erfect reunion, without tears.

S ail on, then, out or homeward bound,
I pray those whom ye take—be found
C ontented, since their trust all be
I n Him who sailed o'er Galilee.
L ord, grant that found at Thy review,
I s this ship's passengers and crew,
A nd that to each there may be given
N ear place by Thine own side in Heaven.

In these lines I express my sincerest wish towards the good ship "Sicilian," Passengers, and Crew, who may sail the seas with her for many, many years to come, until when she has finished her last voyage and shall sail wild seas no more, then may we live to talk of her as the ship on which we have learned much of His loving kindness, until we too have gained yon haven of perfect peace, where we shall recall the marvellous way in which He, our pilot, guided us over the sea of life; amongst others, what we learned about Him while on the good "Sicilian."

DUNCAN M'INTOSH,
Chief Steward S.S. "Sicilian."

At Sea 27/5/07.

8th

Hanny John Gerty sailed June
Lottie & myself July 12th 1907

Emilia
Dilmy
Mathfmathfmathf
Exercitationes
Curvi
Particulares